HARPER'S WEEKLY.

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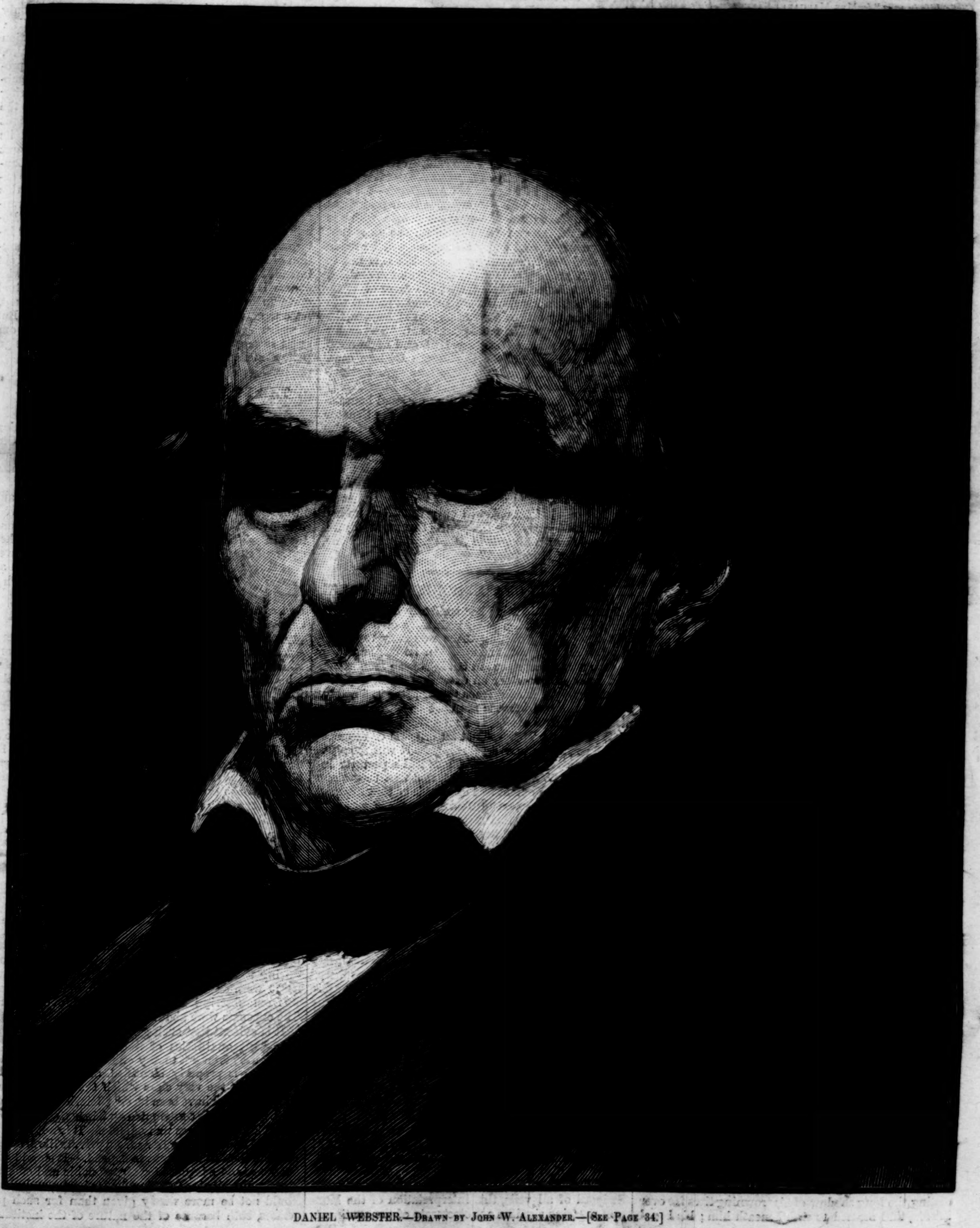


DANIEL WEBSTER.—Drawn by John W. Alexander.—[See Page 34.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 21, 1882.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY—16 PAGES.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE *No. 116, published January 17, provides an unusual variety of interesting matter for its boy readers. There is a charming boys' story, entitled "Just for Fun," by* MATTHEW WHITE, JUN., *with front-page illustration; an account of the "Boyhood of Daniel Webster," by* GEORGE CARY EGGLESTON, *illustrated, in which the youthful ways of the "idle boy," who became the greatest of American statesmen and orators, are recorded; a pleasant article, entitled "On Skates," by* SHERWOOD RYSE; *and a "Pet Stock Market Report," by* A. W. ROBERTS, *showing what these delightful and almost necessary inmates of the household may be bought and sold for. The girl readers have received their full share of attention in the story of "A Little Girl's Life in 1782," by* MRS. MARGARET SANGSTER; *in the first installment of the delightful adaptation from the great novelist* CHARLES DICKENS, *entitled "The Little Dolls' Dressmaker," by* MRS. ZADEL B. GUSTAFSON, *illustrated; and in the beautiful double-page illustration, "A Little Dreamer." A page has been given for the entertainment of those who love music, in the charmingly illustrated song, "Through the Daisy-spotted Meadow"; the serial story retains its interest; and the Post-office Box presents its usual array of interesting letters from bright little people.*

DANIEL WEBSTER.

DANIEL WEBSTER was born one hundred years ago, on the 18th of January, 1782. Nobody who once saw him ever forgot him. Of all Americans he was probably the most imposing in his appearance. Others have had a finer, loftier, more refined, more spiritual aspect, as there have been Americans of a far higher essential greatness. But there was a certain grandeur in WEBSTER's look which was incomparable. His Olympian presence gave an air of significance and dignity to whatever he said. We have heard him deliver the most astonishing commonplace in such a way that the audience seemed to be listening to a new revelation of great truths. He had the instinct which assured him that the prosperity of the oration is in the eye and ear of the hearer. Of the singular charm of his private intercourse there are scores of published records. But the private circle of friends seemed to be always a little oppressed by the consciousness of his greatness. His manners were those of what is called the old school. His dress upon great occasions was that of the English Whigs, blue and buff—a yellow waistcoat, and a blue dress-coat with brass buttons. Personally and politically he will remain always, probably, the most striking figure of our second political epoch. He succeeded WASHINGTON and ADAMS and JEFFERSON and HAMILTON and MADISON, but in ability and the genius of statesmanship he was their peer. It is fine to see with what instinctive consciousness of power he questioned the correctness of the interpretation given by the First Congress of the constitutional prerogative of removal. That decision was due to the authority of MADISON and to the character of WASHINGTON. But WEBSTER, ranging himself against MADISON, like a ship of the line alongside of a trim and stout frigate, challenged the construction, and since MADISON no man has lived whose challenge upon such a point would be so weighty as that of WEBSTER. His argument was more powerful than any made at the time in the famous debate, and it was upon WEBSTER'S view that the Tenure of Office Act of 1867 was founded.

The war for the Union was a vindication of that theory of its nature which WEBSTER had maintained in a memorably impregnable and conclusive manner. His second speech on FOOTE'S resolution—the reply to HAYNE—was the most famous and effective speech ever delivered in this country. It stated clearly and fixed firmly in the American mind the theory of the government, which was not, indeed, original with WEBSTER, but which is nowhere else presented with such complete and inexorable reason as in this speech. If the poet be the man who is so consummate a master of expression that he only says perfectly what everybody thinks, upon this great occasion the orator was the poet. He spoke the profound but often obscured and dimly conceived conviction of a nation. He made the whole argument of the civil war a generation before the war occurred, and it has remained unanswered and unanswerable. Mr. EVERETT, in his discourse at the dedication of the statue of WEBSTER in the State-House grounds in Boston in 1859, described the orator at the delivery of this great speech. The evening before he seemed to be so careless that Mr. EVERETT feared that he might not be fully aware of the gravity of the occasion. But when the hour came, the man was there. "As I saw him in the evening, if I may borrow an illustration from his favorite amusement," said Mr. EVERETT, "he was as unconcerned and as free of spirit as some here have often seen him while floating in his fishing-boat along a hazy shore, gently rocking on the tranquil tide, dropping his line here and there with the varying fortune of the sport. The next morning he was like some mighty admiral, dark and terrible, casting the long shadow of his frowning tiers far over the sea, that seemed to sink beneath him; his broad pennant streaming at the main, the Stars and Stripes at the fore, the mizzen, and the peak, and bearing down like a tempest upon his antagonist, with all his canvas strained to the wind, and all his thunders roaring from his broadsides." This passage well suggests that indescribable impression of great oratory which RUFUS CHOATE, in his eulogy of WEBSTER at Dartmouth College, conveys by a felicitous citation of what QUINTILIAN says of HORTENSIUS, that there was some spell in the spoken word which the reader misses.

But while the war for the Union was a maintenance of his conception of the government, Mr. WEBSTER was unable to see that his political course made the war more probable. Like many other great statesmen, he underestimated the force of the moral element in politics. He made the fatal mistake of judging a moral movement, not by its essential reason, but by what seemed to him the extravagance and folly of its assertions, and the fanaticism and whimsicality of many of its advocates. RUFUS CHOATE's eulogy, the most profuse and fascinating piece of rhetoric in our oratorical annals, is like a cloth of gold, exquisitely wrought and subtly flexible, both massive and delicate in its glittering beauty, yet a robe of concealment all the while, a prodigious and magnificent special plea. The moral estimate of WEBSTER is more truly recorded in THEODORE PARKER's discourse. The essential question was liberty or slavery as the controlling power of the government. It was a question which necessarily absorbed and included all others. It was in its nature, as SEWARD said, an irrepressible conflict. Yet in the city of SAMUEL ADAMS it was the voice of WEBSTER that exhorted Americans—for that was the substance of it—to conquer their prejudices for liberty. We do not re-open the debate, which is happily closed forever. We know all the pleas that have been urged, and every allowance will be made by the student of that angry time. Yet it is not to the 7th of March speech, but to the Plymouth oration, and that at NIBLO's Garden, that the lover of WEBSTER's fame as a man, a statesman, and a patriot will point. Among all eminent American statesmen, the renown of none will be more permanent. The orator of Plymouth Rock, of Bunker Hill, and of Faneuil Hall; the advocate of the Dartmouth College case, and that of GIBBONS and OGDEN, settling great principles of law; the diplomatist of the Ashburton Treaty and the HULSEMANN letter, defining national boundaries and announcing a national policy; the Senator whose ample and complete exposition of the fundamental principle of the government earned for him alone among all American statesmen, and indisputably, the title of Expounder of the Constitution—by all these permanent public services the name of WEBSTER is secure. His countrymen, proud of what he was and of what he did, will only wish that he had crowned all by heeding the young SUMNER's adjuration to add to his illustrious title the still higher one, "Defender of Humanity."

THE MEANING OF THE MONROE DOCTRINE.

THE MONROE doctrine has suddenly become again a subject of discussion upon both sides of the ocean, and it is perhaps coming to be necessary to understand precisely what it means. In its original form it was an announcement to the European monarchies that we should consider an extension of their system to this hemisphere dangerous to our peace and safety, and that this continent is not open to European colonization; and, of course, to be resisted if necessary by force of arms. This was not an unusual or unprecedented position, except in its scope. It was simply a declaration that the United States had a peculiar interest in the Western continent, and that they alone must decide the extent and character of that interest, and determine the measures necessary for its assertion and defense. Now this is nothing more than the acknowledged right of every sovereign State. President MONROE's proposition merely defined the events by which we should consider the interests threatened of which we are necessarily the guardians and judges, and as the *ultima ratio* of states is war, war was of course suggested as a possible final recourse.

But while the general right of making such a declaration is incontestable, it is desirable to understand how much the declaration was intended, or ought to be permitted, to cover. Does the MONROE doctrine mean that we assume the protectorate of this hemisphere, and that we shall constitute ourselves the final arbiters between independent American states, and regulate their treaty relations with other powers? If this be the understanding, it means that we intend to expose our commerce and our relations with other powers to the quarrels of such states as Peru and Chili and the other South American states, including the empire of Brazil. In a late number of the *North American Review*, Mr. KASSON proposes to forbid European powers to acquire any sovereign rights upon this continent either by treaty or as the result of war. Great Britain has ten times the amount of trade with Peru that we have. This would mean, therefore, that if trouble should arise between England and Peru, the United States should settle it. Stripped of all veils, this interpretation of the MONROE doctrine signifies a protectorate of the continent. There is no reason, of course, that the European states should assent to it. They would naturally take it into the account of foreign risks. But in the absence of specific treaties of alliance between the smaller American states and the great republic practically conveying sovereignty, the great powers would deny any other right than that which is universally acknowledged of deciding for ourselves and at our own risk what our interests demand. The question is one for ourselves to determine, not one upon which to invoke the opinion of the rest of the world. If in our judgment our interests require us to assume a continental protectorate, we shall assume it, and notify the world that we have done so. But no other power will be bound by our act. It will only be necessary for other states to take it into account.

A policy which should thus involve us in all the disputes of South American states would necessarily transform the United States into a great military and naval power. "Moral protection" is practicable only by the consciousness of force to make it effective. This kind of protection, therefore, involves taxation to maintain an army and a navy. It implies, also, reciprocal obligations. If we are to protect, the protected states must be really dependencies of the republic. But in that case our responsibilities will bring us also duties. The English race will not accept the one without the other. England would not submit to uphold Turkey unless Turkey would mend its ways. If we are to sustain impotent states, they must do what we wish them to do. Logically, as the London *St. James Gazette*, which takes no particular exception to it, alleges, the MONROE doctrine in this interpretation is simple imperialism. But the argument against the absorption of Cuba and San Domingo is substantially an argument against this interpretation of the MONROE doctrine. The declaration of President MONROE was a politic and sound act intended to apply to an actual situation. The wise course is to follow his example. When an actual question arises affecting states upon this continent, let our action be determined by the situation. But there is no good reason that we should forget that our great interest is peace, and that "a spirited foreign policy" means incessant foreign complications.

THE NEW YORK FREE CIRCULATING LIBRARY.

A PUBLIC meeting will soon be held at the Union League Theatre to present the claims of the Free Circulating Library to the liberal support of the community. This enterprise is but in its second year, but it has amply demonstrated the public value of its work in the extent of the demand upon its resources, and in the manner in which the supply has been received. For it must be at once acknowledged that a community in which books freely loaned are eagerly taken out, and carefully returned in good order, has proved that there is a sincere and general desire for such an opportunity. The Free Circulating Library, which is now located at 36 Bond Street, is the result of the earnest efforts of a few ladies and gentlemen, who were convinced that it must be of very great service, and they procured an act of incorporation in the spring of 1880.

The simple facts stated in the second annual report, which is just published, are that the library now contains 5085 volumes, of which about 4000 are available for lending. During the year the circulation of volumes has been 69,230, which shows that each volume has been circulated more than seventeen times, and only six volumes have been lost, which is but one in 11,546. Of the circulation, about 64 per cent. is fiction and juvenile works, 19 per cent. history, biography, and travels, and the rest is quite equally divided among books on foreign languages, science and art, and poetry, religious and miscellaneous works. The general percentage of fiction in other libraries is between 70 and 80. The number of applicants during the year was 3726; the largest number was in January, when it was 428, and the lowest in September, when it was 179. In the reading-room during the year there were 9605 readers, and 12,384 periodicals were read. Both the library and the reading-room have been open on Sunday during some part of the year, 530 volumes having been given out on nineteen Sundays, and 319 periodicals read by as many readers on thirty-one Sundays. The receipts of the treasury during the year were about $5000, of which nearly $4200 were donations, and the remainder was made up from subscriptions, fines, and the sale of catalogues. The expenses were about $4500.

It is evident that such a library is one of the most important auxiliaries of the public-school system. Books are given out to any one who lives in the city, and who is properly identified, and experience has proved that the very class which the library was designed to reach have been its beneficiaries. The books have been mainly contributed by friends, and probably one-third of them are unavailable. It is not upon the lees and doubtful selections from private libraries that such an institution ought to depend. It should command a fund adequate for a reasonable and constant supply of well-chosen old and new books, and money could not be more wisely given than for such purchases, both because of the nature of the institution

and of the character of the managers, among whom will be found the names of ladies and gentlemen noted for their interest in public charities, and personal attention to their duties. They hope during the year to raise money enough to establish the first of a series of small libraries in the poorest and most thickly settled districts of the city, with reading-rooms, and books selected with especial reference to local wants. The managers hope, also, for a fund for the maintenance of this first library. There is already a permanent fund of about $12,000, and a generous response to the project of the model local library which is proposed is earnestly desired. The enterprise was greatly indebted to the experience, skill, and fidelity of the first librarian, Miss STUBBS, who recently died, but her good work of precedent and organization remains. We trust that the appeal of the meeting will be generally heeded, and that New York, whose generosity for distant worthy objects is so lavish, will remember with liberal hands this worthy object of its own.

THE NEW POSTMASTER-GENERAL.

THE new Postmaster-General has been interviewed in Chicago, and he has been asked the inevitable question, "Will you put Stalwarts only on guard?" The Postmaster-General's reply to the question was that he did not recognize any such distinction as Stalwart and anti-Stalwart. The only question that he should ask would be: "Is the head of a bureau resolutely and efficiently discharging the duties of his office? If he is, then he is the man for my money. If he should not be, Stalwartism would not save him."

This is excellent as far as it goes. But if the resolute and efficient head of a bureau should permit assessing agents to enter his bureau and tax the clerks, would he still be the man for the Postmaster-General's money? Would the Postmaster-General make the resolute and efficient head understand that no clerk must be disturbed for refusing to pay such a tax or to render any kind of party service? Would he also take care to impress upon every postmaster in the country, and upon the whole postal service, the principle which JEFFERSON'S Secretary of the Treasury proposed to enforce throughout the entire Treasury service, that "the door of office be no longer shut against any man merely on account of his political opinions, but that whether he shall differ or not from those avowed either by you or by myself, integrity and capacity suitable to the station be the only qualifications that shall direct our choice"? Would the Postmaster-General make his whole department feel that he agreed with Mr. JAMES, whom he replaces, that minor appointments, including that of deputy-postmasters, "should be independent of personal or partisan influence"?

If the Postmaster-General should entertain these views and enforce them, he would be a stalwart reformer, but not a "Stalwart" in the meaning of the current phrase. But if he proposes that the vast patronage of the Post-office shall be prostituted to stimulate party spirit, to reward party "workers," to furnish "campaign funds" for a party, to promote personal ambitions and foster selfish intrigues, and to degrade the character of the public service and demoralize that of the public servants by destroying their self-respect—if he intends to countenance all this, and all that belongs to it, the resolution and efficiency of the heads of bureaus will do little toward reforming the abuses which must be reformed.

TO THE GOOD-NATURED MAN.

THE charitable and well-disposed citizen of New York, instead of increasing crime and poverty and suffering in the city by giving money to beggars without inquiry, may well read and ponder the recent report of the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor, a society which is managed by well-known and responsible persons. Let the charitable citizen observe one fact stated in that report. In the city of Brooklyn, in 1877, there were 46,350 persons relieved by the city, at a cost of $141,207. In 1878, only coal was distributed, and since then no relief whatever has been given by the city. Yet there has been no increase in the number of persons at the Almshouse and Hospital, and no additional burden has been thrown upon the charitable community.

Are all the beneficiaries of the previous years starved and frozen to death? Not at all. They have stopped shamming, and have gone to work. For the truth, which can not be too constantly or forcibly impressed upon good citizens, is that indiscriminate and ignorant alms-giving merely supports the cheats, and cheats the honest poor. If you wish to relieve the honest poor, you must inquire by yourself or by another. If you are too indolent or too indifferent to inquire, your careless giving only supports swindling.

The association, which has made a careful study of the consequences of the distribution of coal by the city of New York—and it is true of other cities—reports to the Board of Estimate and Apportionment that the practice is demoralizing and unjust. It fosters the greatest evils and dangers of city life by just enabling the idle and shiftless, by a free gift, to subsist upon their neighbors. There is great deprecation in some quarters of scientific charity. But scientific charity is merely common-sense applied to alms-giving. Half of the money given to the poor in this city every year is doubtless worse than wasted. It is not enough, however, to admit this, and then to resolve to give nothing, lest it should be wasted. Charity, the relief of want and suffering, is as much a duty as ever. But fostering fraud and pampering imposture and crime is not a duty. If the reader wishes to be charitable, he need not shrug his shoulders at the street beggar and push on. But he should put him in the way of succor, if he be an honest beggar, by giving him a ticket of the association, which will secure inquiry, and relief if relief be necessary.

RICHARD HENRY DANA.

MOST American boys who have read *Robinson Crusoe* have probably read also *Two Years before the Mast*. That book, and HERMAN MELVILLE'S *Typee*, are among the raciest and most characteristic and permanent of American works of literature. All three are of the kind that establishes a pleasant personal relation between the author and the reader, so that the news of the writer's death comes, like that of DANA'S recent death at Rome, not only as a public loss, but as a private bereavement.

RICHARD HENRY DANA held the public regard by many titles. The great success of his first book, written when he was a very young man, and containing the simple and graphic story of a sailor's daily life, never so well told, because a man of similar gifts and education seldom goes to sea before the mast, might well have tempted him to devote himself to a literary career. But he shunned the siren, and while literature remained always his delight, it was never his pursuit. As a practicing lawyer he was distinguished especially in the maritime branch of the profession. But the realm of international law, of politics in the larger sense, was more congenial to him. His edition of Wheaton is a work of great authority, some of its notes having been printed for the use of the Geneva Tribunal; and when he went to Europe, four or five years ago, it was with the design of preparing an elaborate work upon the whole subject of international law.

This taste early drew him into politics, at a time when politics involved great principles, and the relations of morality to national peace and prosperity. Mr. DANA was one of the early Free-soilers and Conscience Whigs, and of course an original Republican. The best brief history of that party is his article in *Johnson's Cyclopædia*. He was a co-worker with PALFREY, SUMNER, HOWE, ADAMS, ALLEN, STEPHEN C. PHILLIPS, and the other pioneers of the political movement which has absolutely triumphed. His ample knowledge and strong conviction, with his ready humor and oratorical instinct, made him a most effective and valuable public speaker. In another way, his eulogy upon EDWARD EVERETT, at Cambridge, is one of the finest specimens of commemorative eloquence, fresh, vivid, generous, comprehensive, and acute. The services of such a man are not even to be named in a few brief paragraphs. His rejection as Minister to England was a real misfortune to the country at the time; for, besides the trained ability of such a man in official relations, his brilliancy, his cultivation, his high sense of honor, his delightful humor, would have found in the social sphere of diplomacy that opportunity which the similar qualities of his personal friend and neighbor LOWELL have found, both to the charm of English society and to the satisfaction of his own country. It is the knowledge that there are men like DANA who are not of great public prominence, but who have the qualities that truly dignify and adorn public station, which assures us of the essential richness and strength of our American life.

A UNIQUE HONOR TO LONGFELLOW.

THE tribute of a public reception offered to Mr. LONGFELLOW upon his birthday, the 27th of February, by the city authorities of Portland, his native city, is, we believe, an honor to a literary man without precedent in this country. Mr. BRYANT went to Albany as the guest of his personal friend and former political associate, Governor TILDEN, and the Legislature took a recess in honor of his presence. But Mr. BRYANT had been long a political editor. The tribute to Mr. LONGFELLOW is an emphatic and exclusive tribute of respect for literary distinction.

It recalls the old Italian days when the poets and the artists were "public men" in the sense of modern statesmen and politicians. When CIMABUE had painted his picture of the Virgin for the Church of Santa Maria Novella in Florence, the Florentines, proud of their townsman, carried it to the church in triumphal procession. Portland, perhaps, reflects and gracefully acknowledges that her especial distinction will be that she was the birth-place of LONGFELLOW.

Every honor that his native city shows him is grateful to his native land, which holds among her chief treasures the fame of her beloved poet.

THE SUNFLOWER AND THE LILY.

A GENERATION ago the golden youth of New York cultivated "the English manner," the distinction of which was supposed to be its unemotional character. "The thing" in manner was never to betray surprise, and to seem to find everything something of a bore. "There's nothing in it," was to be the descriptive legend of life apparent in every act and word. Perhaps that is also one of the canons of the new fashion of "æstheticism," so that Mr. OSCAR WILDE is bound not to show the amazement which he must naturally feel since his arrival in this country. If Mr. WILDE and his friends made the fortune of *Patience*, it is no less true that *Patience* has given Mr. WILDE the chance of an American career and success.

Except for the fun and universal popularity and familiarity of the burlesque opera, an apostle of the burlesque would have been incomprehensible. The world of the æsthete has been so confined to the pages of *Punch*, the hints of its actual existence in London have been so infrequent and obscure, it was so wholly unknown in this country except to the readers of *Punch*, that nothing but the essential humor of *Patience*, like that of a holiday burlesque, could have so taken the town.

Mr. WILDE'S plea for beauty was a pleasant and picturesque essay, dashed with a certain daring triviality. But such doctrine as there is in it is not very new. Nearly thirty years ago the accomplished "Bachelor" of the "Reveries," Mr. MITCHELL, lectured to us at Hope Chapel on the uses of beauty, and PLATO and the Greeks had some thoughts upon the same subject. Mr. WILDE and the pre-Raphaelites and the highly colored verse of Mr. SWINBURNE are all signs of "a movement" of which decorative art is but another expression. "Bunthorne's Apology," in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, is at bottom just. The lilies and the sunflowers and the lank ladies and Mr. WILDE are but fantastic fringes and edges of a Renaissance. The result of it all is a more prevalent picturesqueness and grace and beauty in furniture and wall-paper and building, in all the details and arts of daily life. Mr. EMERSON long ago said that if Nature wishes to accomplish a result, she overloads the tendency. Mr. WILDE and the ladies of the lily are merely overloaded.

PERSONAL.

THE late Judge PUTNAM, of Massachusetts, was graduated from Yale in the class with Mr. EVARTS, Chief Justice WAITE, and Professor BENJAMIN SILLIMAN.

—Deacon GEORGE W. CHAPMAN, of Boston, has introduced a new Boston notion. Recently in passing a candy store which the sheriff was selling out, he stepped in and bought the entire stock, which he had carted off to the room of the Tremont Temple Sunday-school, of which he has long been superintendent, and distributed the goodies to the pupils.

—SOJOURNER TRUTH, having fully matured by reaching her one-hundred-and-fourth year, has just made her will, devising her property at Battle Creek, Michigan, where she lives, to her three known daughters. It is valued at $4000. She had many other children while a slave, but their names and residence are unknown to her.

—JAMES F. WILSON, the new United States Senator from Iowa, though only fifty-three years of age, has been prominently in public life since he attained his majority. He is a lawyer by profession, and after holding several State offices, including seats in both Houses of the Legislature, he served in the Thirty-seventh, Thirty-eighth, Thirty-ninth, and Fortieth Congresses, and was one of the managers of the impeachment trial of President JOHNSON.

—CORNELIUS SWEETSER, who died a few days since at Biddeford, Maine, left $75,000 to various charitable institutions in that vicinity, and the residue of his estate, estimated at $175,000, to found an orphan asylum.

—Mr. HENRY IRVING'S limbs are thus concisely criticised by a London female æsthete: "Mr. IRVING'S legs are limpid and utter. Both are delicately intellectual, but his left leg is a poem."

—It may interest some of our lady readers to know that at the auction sale of the Monaco crown jewels—those of the late Madame BLANC—which produced 1,094,000 francs, the jewels most eagerly competed for were necklaces of pearls and diamonds. A necklace of 313 pearls, with clasp in brilliants, brought $62,500. Two rows of pearls, a hundred to each string, sold for $23,000. A diamond of diamonds brought $43,000.

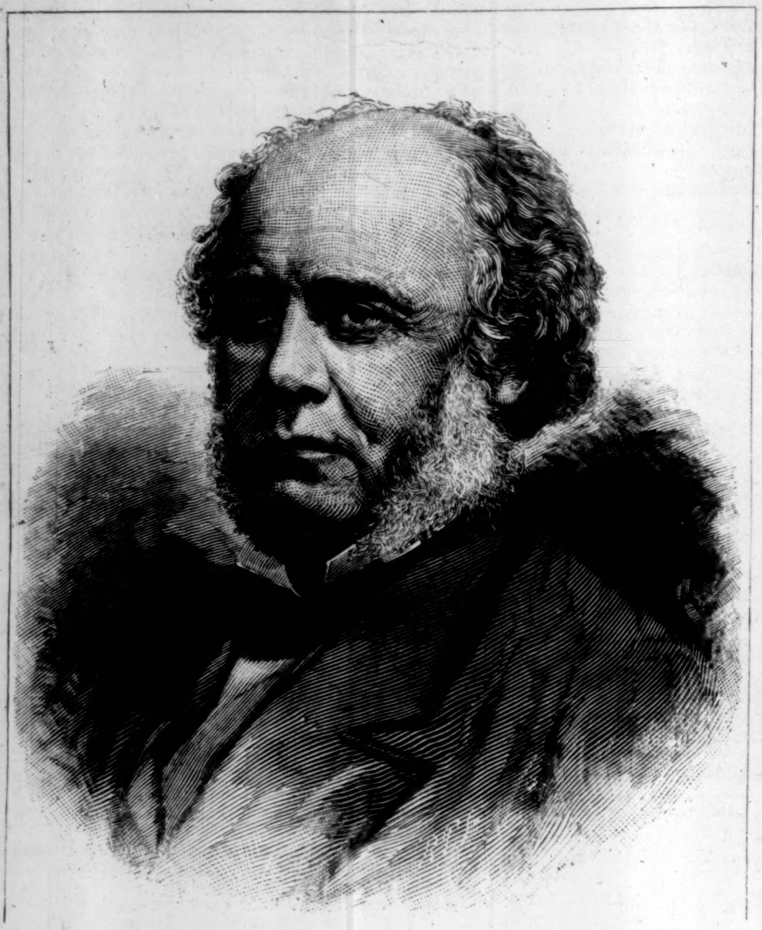
—Mrs. LUCY HAMILTON HOOPER, one of the brightest of all the French correspondents of the American press, recently gave a dinner party in Paris to Minister and Mrs. MORTON, and each *menu* was ornamented with a motto appropriate to the character of the guest before whom it was placed, and taken from an English or French poet or essayist. The dinners of Mr. HOOPER, our genial Vice-Consul at Paris, and his accomplished wife, have long been known as amongst the pleasantest of the French capital.

—The Baroness BURDETT-COUTTS has submitted gracefully and wisely to the loss of a large portion of her income. Instead of awaiting the result of an interminable litigation in the courts, the whole case was submitted to a synod of eminent lawyers, who decided that the husband of the Baroness is an alien. Her sister, Mrs. MONEY-COUTTS, has made over to the Baroness two-fifths of the income from the bank fund for life, but she loses $375,000 a year, which is a good money value for a young husband.

—Mr. SAMUEL BUELL GARDINER, who died a few days ago, aged sixty-seven, at East Hampton, Long Island, was the tenth proprietor of Gardiner's Island, and fairly entitled to the highest position in the "old family" history of this country. He was a great-grandson of the Rev. SAMUEL BUELL, the first clergyman settled on Long Island, and was a lineal descendant of LION GARDINER, the founder of the famous family which for 242 years have held rightful and undisputed possession of one of the first white man's settlements formed within the present limits of the State of New York.

—Mr. EDWARD MCPHERSON, of Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, the recently elected Clerk of the National House of Representatives, is now serving his seventh term in that office, of which six terms, or twelve years, were of continuous service, which began in 1863, and closed in 1875. With the close of the present term he will have served longer than any of his predecessors, only one of whom approaches him in length of service. Since his retirement from the clerkship in 1875 he has been an active participant in national political movements. He was President of the Republican National Convention of 1876, and made the well-known ruling which established the right of each delegate to cast his own vote, and which was unanimously re-affirmed in the National Convention of 1880. His service in the Treasury Department, as Chief of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, completed his last public employment previous to his re-election as Clerk of the House.

—The London *World* of December 28 contains a pleasant sketch of "Mr. WHITELAW REID in Lexington Avenue," in which the spacious and elegant residence of that gentleman is described, especially the library and editorial room: "Sitting in the library, in a comfortable suit of tweeds, Mr. REID goes through his work with a rapidity and precision remarkable to behold. In the main Mr. REID follows the advice of his dear old friend, pastor, and master, Mr. HORACE GREELEY, who told him when he handed him the reins, 'The golden rule of editing is to do nothing yourself that you can get anybody else to do for you.' And the *Tribune* has an admirable staff of leader-writers; but the editor sometimes feels the divine *afflatus*, and will write his leader himself. A little bit of news, important in its political bearing, has been telegraphed from Washington, or a startling telegram has come from Europe, and Mr REID goes to the telephone. His first message is 'Send stenographer to instrument,' and on this being done, he dictates his leading article through the telephone. This is the work, perhaps, of an hour and a half; and then comes the reading and correction of the proof, also through the telephone, which works perfectly. For reasons which will be understood at once by all who have dictated 'copy,' Mr. REID prefers, when there is ample time, to write his article first, and then dictate it by telephone; but as a rule there is little time to spare. Thus the news is sent from the office, the article dictated, and the proof corrected all by telephone. Those who know the severe heats and colds of New York city will appreciate the great saving of friction by this method of editing by telephone, by which the editor is enabled to sit in his own library, in his own house, and by his 'ain fireside,' and yet hold the conduct of his paper in the hollow of his hand. It is a system, of course, which requires good assistant editors and sub-editors, but these Mr. REID has."



THE LATE RICHARD H. DANA.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY J. W. BLACK & CO.—[SEE PAGE 39.]

THE LATE HON. EDWIN W. STOUGHTON.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY KURTZ.—[SEE PAGE 43.]

A DISASTROUS FIRE.

THE main building of HAVEMEYER & ELDER's sugar refinery, in Williamsburg, Long Island, was totally destroyed by fire on the evening of Sunday, January 8. More than a thousand workmen were thrown out of employment by this disaster, and it was only by strenuous exertion that the firemen saved the adjoining buildings from destruction.

The refinery was established in 1857, and is said to have been the largest in the world, its capacity being more than 400 barrels a day. It occupied three blocks of ground, and 3000 workmen were employed in its various departments. The burned building was 200 by 250 feet, was constructed of brick and iron, and had six stories and a basement. In it was nearly all the machinery used in refining, worth about $750,000, and it also contained about $600,000 worth of sugar. The flames spread with amazing rapidity through the building, and within two hours it was wholly consumed.

RUINS OF HAVEMEYER & ELDER'S SUGAR REFINERY, WILLIAMSBURG, LONG ISLAND.—FROM A SKETCH BY S. F. YEAGER.

CANADIAN COPYRIGHT.

THE recent experience of "Mark Twain" in Canada, where he went in search of copyright on his new book, has created considerable amusement in the newspapers. Mr. NAST'S cartoon is founded on the odd clause in the Canadian Copyright Act which provides that authors shall register their works in the office of the Minister of Agriculture.

[Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1288.]

FOR CASH ONLY.

BY JAMES PAYN.

CHAPTER XXVII.

SANDFORD-ON-SEA.

THAT Percy Fibbert was a mad dog, dangerous to the community and fatal indeed to whomsoever he should be coupled with, Clare in her heart was well convinced. Her letter to him, though grave and decisive enough, and affording him no *locus penitentiæ* if guilty, had given him a loop-hole for explanation, but he had made no attempt to take advantage of it. His reply had been short, almost offensive. As she appeared to doubt his word, he said, which he was not in the habit of having called in question, he quite agreed with her that it was better they should part company.

"It is a hard letter," observed Miss Darrell, to whom Clare showed the communication in question; "but it confirms everything. There is no longer any room for doubt."

She privately thought it vulgar, and even "maid-servantish"; but she readily forgave its style since its sharpness would probably help to sever the last strands of the bond that bound him to Clare. It did sever them beyond the possibility of re-instatement, and so completely that it gave her no pang to feel that Mildred would now have her wish. If there had been need for it she could have sincerely said that she owed her no ill-will, and hoped that Percy would treat her with a confidence and candor that he had denied to herself. But though she had exiled him from her heart, she could not get him out of her mind. The idea of meeting him, though in a manner ever so casual and momentary, was terrible to her, and she kept herself close prisoner within her own doors from the apprehension of it.

After a week or two of this seclusion, of which Miss Darrell easily guessed the true reason, the energetic old lady took matters into her own hands. "My dear," she said, "you are getting hipped, and so am I. We both want change. What do you say to going to Sandford-on-Sea for a little while?" She added the last words diplomatically, for her intention was, having once got Clare away, to keep her there.

Clare had her objections to make; one was that since her cousin was to start for America so soon, it would be cruel to leave him.

"It might be cruel if he was bedridden," was Miss Darrell's dry rejoinder; "but since the express from Coalborough reaches Sandford in two hours, and as the sea-side is at least as pleasant a place for him to pass his leisure hours in as Stokeville, I don't see the strength of that argument."

"Then there is Gerald. It would be wrong to leave him to his own devices. This house is dull for him, no doubt"—this in excuse for the fact that he was hardly ever in it till it was time to go to bed, and when he did come showed that he was bored to extremity—"but it still affords him a home."

"He can be with us at Sandford, and come to and fro by train to business, like anybody else, I suppose. Moreover, he is much less likely to get into mischief there than here. Objection No. 2 'quashed,' my dear, as the lawyers say, though why not 'squashed' I could never understand, especially as it's longer."

"You may take me where you like, Nannie," sighed Clare, wearily. And in twenty-four hours they were at the sea-side.

Clare and her friend established themselves in a pleasant hotel upon the cliff-top, and passed their time in quiet serenity, save on the occasions when Gerald honored them with his company. He did not hesitate to tell them that he found Sandford excessively "slow," and though all was done for him that could be done to meet his views—he had Champagne twice a day—he yawned even over his cigar.

During his first two visits he never mentioned Percy's name; but when he came the third time he informed them during dinner that the Fibberts were gone to London.

"For the season, I suppose?" observed Miss Darrell, dryly.

"Not they; Lor' bless you, Sir Peter don't care for seasons. He will be there for only a day or two, worse luck to him; but Percy will stay over the Derby, I'll bet a guinea. As for Miss Mildred, she'll stop a month at least, I reckon, for she's gone after her trousseau."

There was fortunately a vase of flowers in the centre of the table, which hid Clare's face from Gerald; her cheek turned pale, and her knife and fork trembled in her fingers. Her heart was beating hard. "So soon, so soon," it seemed to say.

"When the wedding is to come off is not, however, settled," he continued. "It is said Master Frank is not in a hurry to surrender his liberty—and quite right too."

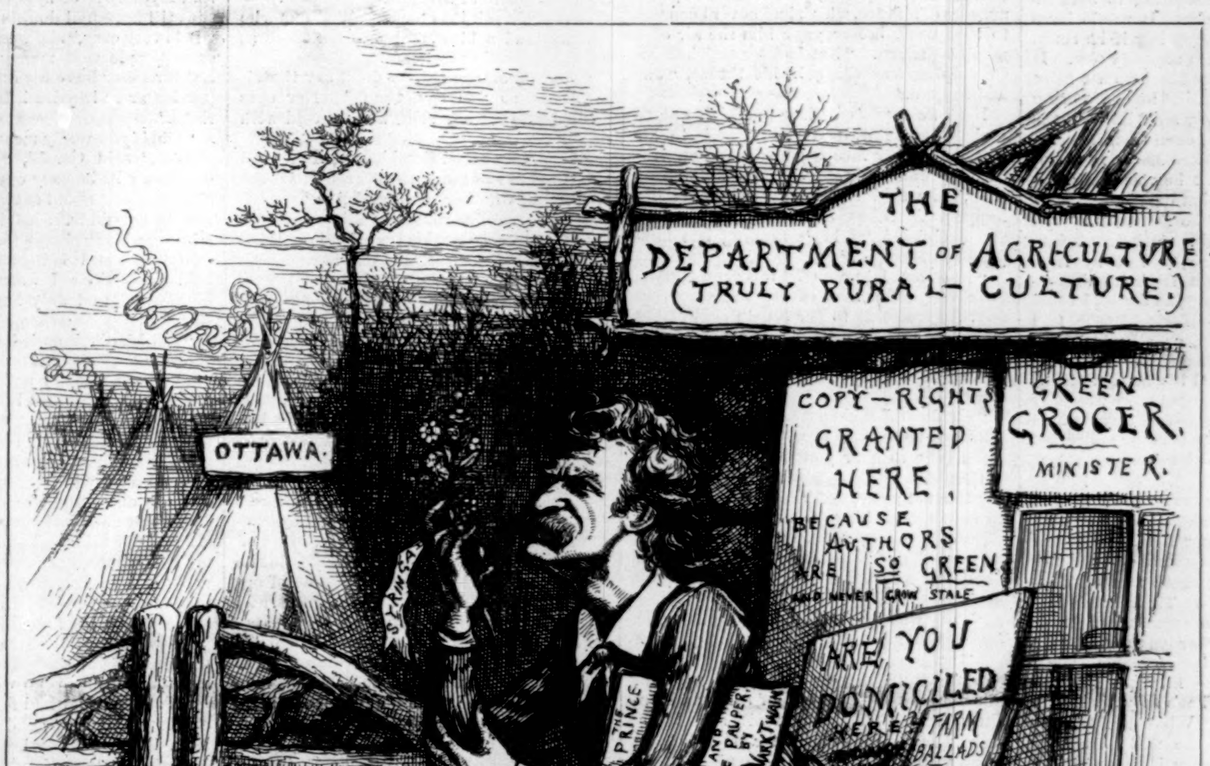
"You mean Mr. Frank Farrer?" observed Miss Darrell.

"Well, of course; who else should I mean?"

The remark was not unnatural, for by this time Mildred's engagement was well known in Stokeville. Miss Darrell, however, had only heard of it as a rumor, and though Clare knew that it was anticipated, she had felt convinced in her own mind that Mildred, whom she knew to be at once passionate and resolute, finding Percy free, would have found means to break off with her other flame. She felt it somehow a relief, though she did not grudge Percy to Mildred, that that match was not to be.

Gerald had never much appetite, making up for his deficiency in that respect by what a certain lady of my acquaintance terms "drinkitite." On this particular evening he ate less than usual, but consumed a second bottle of Champagne. He was much too well seasoned, however, to be affected by it; it only gave him a "fillip," as he called it, of which, as it happened, he stood in particular need. After dinner he lit a large cigar and strolled out as usual; but instead of lounging in the street, or dropping in at a certain public-house which he was wont to patronize in the little town, he sauntered out upon the sand.

There was no moon, and the interminable sea looked vaster from its vagueness. At his feet the shoreward wave creamed over with a gentle murmur. He was alone with his thoughts, and that monotonous whisper chimed in with them strangely. "Better not, better not," it seemed to say, in long-drawn sighs. It was curious how the sound disconcerted him. "Curse the sea!" he muttered under his breath; and finding a cliff path after some difficulty, ascended it, and began to pace to



INNOCENCE ABROAD (IN SEARCH OF A COPYRIGHT).

"Then a sentimental passion of a vegetable fashion must excite your languid spleen—
An attachment à la Plato for a bashful young potato, or a not-too-French French bean!
Though the Philistines may jostle, you will rank as an apostle in the high æsthetic band,
If you walk down Piccadilly with a poppy or a lily in your mediæval hand.
And every one will say,
As you walk your flowery way,
'If he's content with a vegetable love, which would certainly not suit *me*,
Why, what a most particularly *pure young man this pure young man must be!*'"—PATIENCE.

and fro on the moorland without the town. The lights of the houses were only dimly visible, but to eastward there was a large and steady light which reddened all the air about it. He knew that this was from the great iron-foundry miles away, the furnaces of which burned like the sacred fire of Vesta, night and day, continually; but to-night they wore a mystic and uncanny look he had never seen in them before. The voice of the sea could hardly have reached him there, but the words, "Better not, better not," recurred to him with persistence, and he seemed to read them as on a placard huge and black against that distant glare. He felt in his pocket for a brandy flask he now always carried, and took a deep draught, but even that failed to compose his nerves or warm the blood in his veins. His nerves were utterly unstrung, and he knew it. "I am not myself," he said aloud, with angry vehemence, as though he were apologizing to himself for some mental weakness. It would have been well for the unhappy boy if he could have changed places with anybody else. It was not till after a second and even a third application to the flask that he could bring his wits to bear with any steadiness on the matter in his mind, and even then he occupied himself (as the wicked are wont to do) with the result of what he was proposing rather than with the plan itself.

"It is a large sum," he murmured, "and all to be paid on the nail. And then I shall get away from all this, and away from him." Here followed a frightful execration. "With that money, no doubt, I could do well enough by myself—but Rachel? I must give her the slip, or all's lost. To think that a man like me should have tied such a millstone around his neck with his own hands!" Here followed more "cursory remarks," as highly colored as those which had preceded them, but this time directed against himself. "What a fool, an ass, a dolt, I was to be so cajoled and jockeyed! The vanity of that slut has been my ruin. Not that she has much to boast of now," he added, with a bitter smile. "Well, I'll get quit of her, as sure as may be, somehow or another. Gad, I don't know whether I don't hate this other one as much. Three hundred a year. Yah! I detest such meanness. What is it to me that Oldcastle says this, and Oldcastle says that? it is not enough, nor half enough. She gave me fifty pounds last week, it's true; but what's fifty pounds to one with her income? What do I care for her promises of what she will do for me when I come of age; when I marry (*when* I marry! the fool of a girl little guesses), or when I set up in business for myself? I want it *done*. And since you won't do it for me, my pretty little minx, it shall be done for me by somebody else at your expense. Yes, the present value of what I am to have for this little job will be more than all such expectations put together. And then I am to get away, clean away, beyond seas. That's the plan—*his* plan—and a very good plan too; that is, unless one hits upon a better. It will be well worth her while to square matters, then I can cut the painter just the same, with twice the coin in my pocket, and leave him raging, which will be worth half as much again. It is true I there miss Herbert, whom the other scheme will ruin; he has no security for his money, and of course when she finds herself in want of it she'll stick to it. I should like to ruin Herbert. But there! one can't have everything. It was not so wise of you, Master Percy, as you thought, to take yourself off to town while I was making a clean breast of it. By the time you come back again, if Clare is wise, I shall be a thousand miles from Stokeville. Whichever way it turns out, nothing but good can come of it, that's certain. She will never let the thing be made public for the old man's sake. Percy's right there; I'm safe enough from judge and jury. Still, I would give something if the next half-hour or so was over. It's a nuisance, too, that she has that little old woman with her. They are at their coffee now. If you're stubborn, Miss Clare, you may have to come down to chiccory. Oldcastle told Herbert the other night that that bank had stopped. It's lucky they're not here, though I shall have to meet 'em before all's well. There's a whisper, too, that Sir Peter's been overtrading; as it happens, that don't matter either way; but I hope it's true. I should like to see Miss Mildred's nose, that is so high in the air, brought down to the grindstone. How I hate everybody!"

It was the custom with Clare and her friend to retire together early, leaving Gerald, by no means unwilling, to his own devices; but as they lit their candles on the night in question, Gerald said, in a hushed, grave tone, "I should like to have five minutes' conversation with you, Clare," whereupon Miss Darrell withdrew with a pleasant "I shall see you presently, my dear," designed to keep up Clare's spirits, and also, perhaps, to remind her that she had an adviser, without whose counsel it would be well not to compromise herself.

Miss Darrell had not a good opinion of Gerald Lyster, but it was heaven-high in comparison with what it would have been could she have guessed what was coming.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE WITNESS.

"What is it, Gerald? For Heaven's sake speak!"

In his nervous agitation the young man was drumming on the table with one hand, and stroking the down upon his lip with the other; his eyes were downcast; his face was pale to the lips, which twitched incessantly. "It is bad news, very bad news," he murmured. That was clear to her without his saying; he looked a messenger of evil tidings from head to foot; his endeavor to counterfeit sympathy, as if resented by the muscles of his face, which had never been put to that work before, gave him the air of a moulting raven. "Not bad for me," he added, gulping something in his throat, "but bad for you."

Here he expected Clare to shriek out, or perhaps to faint, instead of which, to his amazement, her face assumed an unequivocal appearance of relief. "It is not shame, then," she said to herself, "whatever has happened." Then immediately afterward she exclaimed, "I hope nothing has happened to Herbert?"

"Not that I know off," returned Gerald, petulantly: the idea of her thinking that anything relating to her cousin could have moved him so, aroused his contempt, which was unfortunate, since the impression he wished to convey was that of a wounded spirit.

"Sit down," said Clare, "and tell me all. I am not so unused to misfortune but that I can bear to hear your news, whatever it is, Gerald."

"It is not news, so far as I am concerned," he began, with his eyes on the carpet. "I have known it ever since our father's death, only I did not like to speak of it. It was wrong of me, but I kept silent for your sake."

"That was a mistaken kindness, Gerald. Never mind: go on."

"I dare say you have observed, Clare, how down in the mouth I have been for this long time—how out of sorts and unlike myself. Well, as you will soon learn, there was reason enough for it. Can you carry your mind back to the night of father's death?"

"Most certainly." Indeed she might have added, "My mind is seldom elsewhere," but instinct told her that any such assertion would be out of place.

"Well, I was up stairs, you know, while you and Percy and Herbert were below."

"My father wished it to be so; that is, so far as we were concerned," she answered, quietly.

"Just so; but as for me, I was too miserable to eat anything."

"I remember you left the table soon after dinner," said Clare. On all other matters she extenuated Gerald's short-comings, but this pretense of his having felt a more poignant sorrow than herself for the dying man offended her, and stung her into plain-speaking.

"Well, at all events, I was up stairs when no one else was. I was in my own room, full of sorrowful thoughts, when I heard a noise next door; that is, in my father's room. I stole in on tiptoe, and this is what I saw."

He hesitated and stopped; his tongue felt dry and his lips parched, and in the silence he heard once more that warning murmur from the sea—"Better not, better not."

"I saw my father, who had crept out of bed and dragged himself to the mantel-piece, putting forward the hand of the clock. He had put it ahead a few minutes or so, when some noise—perhaps he had heard my footsteps—attracted his attention, and he turned and climbed into his bed again. I was so amazed that I did not move for a moment or two, and then, hearing nothing, I grew frightened and went in to father, and he looked so white and strange that I called you up—as you must well remember—only just in time to see him die."

"This is a very strange story," said Clare, gravely, looking at her half-brother intently, who, however, kept his face averted from her; "nor do I understand why you have hitherto concealed it."

"To spare you," he murmured, hoarsely.

She shook her head. "If it was so, I thank you. That such a spectacle should be most distressing I can easily believe; but since you did not mention its occurrence at the time, why mention it now?"

"I couldn't help it; my conscience pricked me so. I have not had a happy moment since, and I was obliged to relieve my mind no matter what should be the consequences. I am very sorry, for your sake."

"What do you mean?"

"Is it possible?" he answered, stealing a glance of amazement at her, and then reverting to his old dogged look, "that you don't see what hangs on this? It was that few minutes which did it, which established your claim to be in the partnership for another year."

She had not seen it until it was thus pointed out to her; the question that had so monopolized her father's thoughts, aggrieved Sir Peter, filled Percy with hopes and fears, agitated the whole world of Stokeville, had occupied but a very small space in her mind. Now, however, everything was made plain to her as by a flash of lurid and ghastly lightning which leaves all dark behind it.

She rose from her chair, and confronted Gerald.

"Do you dare to say, then—you, his son—that our father, finding himself about to die, used his last breath to defraud some fellow-creature of his rights—you *liar*?"

Gerald shrank into his chair like one who has received a blow, and cowered there as though expecting another.

"No," he murmured, "I don't say that."

"What *do* you say, then?" Her eyes flashed fire, but her voice was ice-cold with disdain.

"I say," answered Gerald, doggedly, "that the old man was mad; that through always wondering whether he should live over the year or not, and through dwelling upon the consequences, he got his brain into a morbid state, and just at last, like one in his sleep, not knowing what he did, but as it were mechanically, he put his wish—the father to the thought, you know—into action. That's my view of it." If it was so, it was a view he had only very recently—in point of fact within the last minute or two—taken into his consideration. It had been his intention to suggest the very thing which had provoked this storm; but his sister's manner had frightened him. Habituated though he was to duplicity, he knew sincerity by sight. He felt that it was not self-interest that had prompted Clare to express disbelief in his statement, but the conviction of her father's innocence. Upon that point he was convinced that she was capable of opposing his testimony to the uttermost, and in the presence of all the judges in the land. So on the spur of the moment he had hit upon this idea of "unconscious impulse" to explain matters, which at once left his own statement where it was, and relieved his father from the imputation of wrong-doing.

"It is very strange," said Clare, regarding him thoughtfully, and with great intentness.

"Of course it is—I mean was; nothing could be queerer. He had to crawl along the floor, poor old man, to get to the fireplace. I don't blame you for denying it—nobody could believe it who hadn't seen it."

"Still less could any one who knew him," answered Clare, thoughtfully, "believe that he could do such a thing in his right mind."

"Quite right," said Gerald; "that is what I have kept saying to myself all along. And since he didn't do it on purpose, and since nobody could ever dream of his having done such a thing at all, it of course remains a question for your consideration whether it is worth while to tell anybody about it."

"You mean about the actual fact," observed Clare, gravely.

"Just so," he answered, glancing at her for the second time in hopes to read her thoughts. He began to hope from her last words that things were turning out in the best manner possible, namely, that while believing in his statement, she would agree to keep it secret. He knew, as we are aware, what it was to receive hush-money; and though he had an all too short experience of the sensation, it had been very sweet. In this case, since he could trust himself to drive a good bargain, he would obtain a fortune, and with it what was equally desirable—his freedom. If Clare's case had been his own, he would, of course, have made terms at once; and though he did not give her credit for such good sense, he hoped that was what it was coming to.

"As our father was unconscious of what he did, Clare, there is really nothing wrong in the matter."

"There is not a shadow of wrong," answered Clare, confidently.

Now this was going a little too far for Gerald. It was very prompt and judicious of her to take this sensible view of the transaction, but if she was really going to persuade herself that she might be silent without scruple, where would be his hold upon her? It was high time for him to hint that what he had seen was not only strange as she had called it, and a very curious instance of mental phenomena, but valuable otherwise than as a contribution to physiology, namely—to the spectator.

"Well, when you say 'not a shadow of wrong,' Clare, in which I cordially agree with you, you must remember that that may not be the view of the outside public, who did not know our father as we did."

"That is just what I am thinking about," replied Clare, simply.

"In the eyes of mere casuists, in fact," continued Gerald, "it may be doubtful whether our father's act, though unconscious, may not seem to have the same effect as though it had been done designedly."

"Good heavens! Do you suppose I am thinking of keeping the money?"

Gerald stared at her aghast. He was all at sea again. If she was not thinking of keeping the money, what on earth was she thinking of?

"Well, you said yourself," he answered, doggedly, "that it would not be necessary to reveal the actual fact."

"I meant, sir, that we never need speak of what—you say—you saw."

He was still ignorant of her meaning, but he dared not put another question to her; that "you say" of hers convinced him that she still harbored doubts of his main story. "It is very easy," she went on, "to convince some people that money belongs to them. Let Sir Peter have his dues; he will not be particular to inquire into how he came by them."

"Oh, if you really mean to throw up your chance," said Gerald, "that part of the business will be easy enough. Sir Peter is always going about saying how hard it was that he should have lost his money by seven minutes; if you choose to have conscientious scruples about it being such a narrow shave, he'll share them, I warrant; he'll take all he can get, and only look on it as restitution."

"Let him look on it how he likes, in Heaven's name," ejaculated Clare, "so long as our father's memory is kept stainless. You and I well know that it is as pure as snow, and in that, although we lose our all, he will still have left us a rich legacy."

"Well, as for me," said Gerald, in an aggrieved tone, "I am not aware that he ever left me anything else worth speaking of. The whole matter is one for your own consideration, not mine. You seem still to doubt my story, but what reason can I have for inventing it? You don't suppose I'm in Sir Peter's pay, do you? In so far as the thing affects me at all, I shall lose by it, for I suppose that beggarly three hundred a year, to which Mr. Oldcastle persuaded you to limit my allowance, will go with the rest."

"To be sure; I had forgotten that," sighed Clare, "and my good intentions are gone with it. We shall both be losers by our honesty, my poor Gerald."

"Good intentions? What do you mean, Clare?" inquired the other, excitedly.

"Oh, no matter. It can make no difference now. And yet I should like you to know that I was not so hard upon you as you persuaded yourself to think I was. On the day you came of age, half the money, the loss of which you regretted so, would have been settled on you."

"But look here: in that case I have a contingent interest in this matter," interrupted Gerald. "You must not do anything in a hurry, and without consultation with me. Why the deuce didn't you tell me about all this before?"

"It is better as it is, Gerald," she answered, with a sad smile; "you have been saved from what might have been a terrible temptation, though I hope you would have revealed everything just the same."

"I hope I should not have been such an unspeakable idiot," exclaimed Gerald, naïvely. "You don't really mean to say that you are going to throw away your money—*my* money—for a mere caprice?"

"A caprice! It is an act of common honesty. Would you have your father's daughter be a thief, brother?"

Gerald looked at her as Claudio might have regarded Isabella. He murmured something about her conduct being Quixotic, but attempted no further argument. He saw the mischief was done as regarded those contingent expectations of his, of which he had only heard when he had lost them, and cursed what he deliberately termed his "folly."

"Of course I would wish you to do nothing wrong, Clare," he answered, complainingly; "it is very hard that you should always misjudge me so. As to what you suggest about concealing the actual facts, I think you are most judicious. Nobody need know about them save you and me."

"Nay, some people must know about them, Gerald. It is only right that I should repay the confidence which others have placed in me by taking counsel of them."

"Counsel? I don't know any good that you have done to yourself or anybody else" (he was thinking of Mr. Oldcastle's advice which had restricted his allowance so meanly) "by taking advice of that sort. I should have thought your nearest relative—myself—would have been the proper person to advise with. Of course you will do as you please; but people will talk, however much

they may have shown you confidence, as you call it, and if once the story gets abroad, I wonder how many will believe that the governor did not put on the clock on purpose—I mean in his right mind?"

"I see that quite clearly, Gerald," she answered, gravely. "There is danger on every side."

"And on one side certain ruin, Clare; remember that."

It was his last shot, fired in desperation. If it went home, as it could scarcely fail of doing, it would surely give her pause.

"It will make us very poor, no doubt, Gerald," she answered, gravely, "but it will at least leave us honest. Do not suppose that I feel angry with you for having done your duty; quite otherwise. I am grateful to you for having preserved me from committing an unconscious wrong. Of course it is a bad thing for both of us in one way, but the having relieved your mind of such a burden must of itself be grateful to you, and a time will come—the same that came to our dear father—when you will rejoice in what now seems loss as a great gain. Think, think, Gerald, if perchance he is now cognizant of what we do, hearing perhaps the very words we are now saying!"

"O Lord," interrupted Gerald, pushing back his chair, "I wish you wouldn't talk like that. I hate it. I thought we had come to Sandford to keep our spirits up."

"Does it distress you to talk about the dead, Gerald?" she answered, gently, almost pityingly. "Well, well, I will say no more. I will now go to my own room, and think of all you have told me, and what is best to be done. Good-night, dear boy."

She stooped down and kissed him. He did not move his face to meet hers, but sat with shut lips and a frowning brow, the very image of moody discontent. He could not have better played his part (though he acted naturally enough) in the plan he had in view. His demeanor went far to remove any lingering doubts she might have entertained of the truth of his tale. He looked exactly as a man might have been expected to look who, having confessed something to his own detriment, repented of his frankness. But in reality his heart was full of fear as well as of chagrin. That Clare believed his story was now clear enough, but would those others whom she had expressed her intention of consulting believe it? She herself was ready enough to give up her share in the profits of Fibbert & Lyster, but would she be permitted to do so without investigation?

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE OLD FRENCH MARKET, NEW ORLEANS.

THIS famous market, of which we give an illustration on page 40, is situated near Jackson Square. Its extent and antique appearance, the various languages spoken there—English, French, German, Spanish—which make it a perfect Babel, and the abundance and variety of the articles sold in the stalls, make it an object of curiosity to every stranger visiting New Orleans. As early as three o'clock in the morning the market is crowded with sellers and buyers, and it is almost impossible to move about. By nine o'clock the place is almost deserted. Even by daylight it looks picturesque and attractive.

REVOLUTION AND SECESSION.

[THE following correspondence relates to a question which has been finally settled. But it is interesting and valuable as containing a clear and conclusive statement of the essential difference between revolution and the alleged right of constitutional secession, by a gentleman who was neither an Abolitionist nor a Republican, but a conspicuous opponent of both, as well as a most diligent student of the Constitution, and the historian of the Constitutional Convention. Indeed, his correspondent will remember that the constitutional principle upon which the action of the government was taken had been most strongly stated, a quarter of a century before, by Mr. WEBSTER, who, like his biographer, the author of the present letter, was not an Abolitionist, and condemned the antislavery movement. —EDITOR.]

BARNWELL COURT-HOUSE, SOUTH CAROLINA, *December* 10, 1881.

George Ticknor Curtis, Esq., New York:

DEAR SIR,—I have just read your recent article, "Are the United States a Nation?"

Your theory, if I understand you correctly, is that by the adoption of the Constitution by the States, sovereignty, by many held to be a unit absolute and indivisible, was in fact divided, and the United States became a nation, and to the extent of its delegated powers was sovereign, while the States, moving within the orbit of their reserved powers, were likewise sovereign. And you hold that this compact was to endure perpetually. I have for years past read your articles with pleasure and instruction, and believing that you labor with the view of advancing the truth, I take the liberty of asking you two questions:

1. Where do you find authority for saying the Federal compact was to endure for a longer period than the high contracting parties should be willing for it to last?

2. At the time the Federal Constitution was adopted, there were certain political rights very prominently asserted by all of its framers, and held by them to be inalienable, one of which was the right of any people to throw off the existing government and establish a new one, when the existing government should become destructive of the purpose for which it was instituted. If this right was not denied to the States by the Constitution, did it not remain with the States among the reserved powers? This right South Carolina attempted to exercise in 1860 as she did in 1776; so it seemed to us then—and I must confess it seems to me now—that she had by far a better right to exercise this right in 1860 as against her sister States, who had with her asserted and maintained the same principle, than they all had in 1776 against Great Britain, who had always denied the right.

I do not desire to draw you into a political discussion for which I am so unequal, but I do desire some honest-thinking man "on your side" to explain to me how the North could reconcile it with their consciences to defeat by force the attempt of the Southern people to establish a new government for themselves when they thought the existing government destructive of the ends for which it was instituted, and compel those whose ancestors fought side by side with theirs to establish the principle that no government is just except that which rests upon the consent of the governed, to live under a government not of their choice.

With sentiments of high esteem, I am, sir, very respectfully, your fellow-citizen and obedient servant,

ROBERT ALDRICH.

NEW YORK, *December* 24, 1881.

Robert Aldrich, Esq.:

DEAR SIR,—I have to acknowledge the receipt of your polite letter of the 10th inst., and will reply to it in the spirit in which it was written. You ask me two questions, which I will endeavor to answer in their order.

1. To the first, I answer that I do not regard the "Federal compact" in the light in which you seem to regard it. If the Constitution of the United States was nothing more than a compact between sovereign States, then I should say that, notwithstanding the fact that it contained no limitation as to the time of its duration, the "sovereign parties" could withdraw from it when they saw fit. But, in my view, the Constitution was more, much more, than a compact between sovereign States. When the people of South Carolina, for example, exercising without restraint or coercion the full right of self-government, ceded certain of their powers of sovereignty or political powers of government to the government of the United States, they parted with something. What was it? It was the exclusive right to govern themselves in certain relations and on certain subjects. In other words, they agreed with the people of each and every other State that they would no longer make laws for themselves on these relations and these subjects through their own State government, but that they would submit to and obey the laws that might be enacted by the Legislature which the Constitution created for the whole Union, and in which South Carolina was to be represented in proportion to the number of her inhabitants, reckoned in an agreed ratio. This I conceive to have been a perpetual obligation, dissoluble, however, not by a constitutional right remaining to the people of South Carolina among their reserved State powers, but solely by the right of revolution, which is not a power reserved to the States under the Federal Constitution, but is an inalienable and inherent right of every people, be their form of government what it may.

2. In your second question you refer to and describe the right of revolution, or "the right of any people to throw off the existing government, and establish a new one, when the existing government should be destructive of the purpose for which it was instituted." This, if not the direct language, is the principle of the Declaration of Independence. And you ask me, "If this right was not denied by the Constitution, did it not remain with the States, among the reserved powers?" I answer that the Constitution neither affirmed nor denied the right of revolution. It took no cognizance of it in any way. It had nothing to do with it. The right to make a revolution, inherent in every people, is not a State power remaining, under the Constitution, among the reserved powers of the States or their peoples. It exists independent of all constitutions, all forms of government, all public compacts. It has never been denied, and never can be, at least by any American.

But the Southern States, in 1860–1, did not proceed, or profess to proceed, on the right of revolution. They proceeded, and professed to proceed, on the supposed right to treat the Constitution as a compact between sovereign States, dissoluble at the pleasure of "the high contracting parties." They demanded that what they called the "right of secession" should be recognized by the whole country as a right remaining among the reserved powers of the States under the Constitution. They expected and meant to go out of the Union by the peaceable consent of the States which remained in. This consent could not be and was not given. Hence it became a trial of force whether the Southern view of the Constitution was to prevail. The government of the United States did not undertake to crush a revolution, and the Southern States did not undertake to make one. If it had been a revolution that was put down—a revolution instituted and carried on by States—I know not how we could have escaped, as fortunately we did escape, the destruction of those States.

You speak of compelling the Southern people to live under a government not of their choice. Forgive me if I remind you that they voluntarily chose to establish over themselves the government of the United States, and to make its Constitution the supreme law of their land and of ours. If in the progress of time that government had usurped powers that did not belong to it; if it had committed acts of oppression—which can not be asserted of it—the remedy was a resort to revolution, which was not resorted to; but the resort was to a supposed reserved right of secession under an alleged compact between sovereign States.

The distinction between the right of revolution and the alleged right of State secession from the Union may be illustrated by supposing that the people of South Carolina in 1860–1 had undertaken to frame something like the Declaration of Independence adopted by all the States in 1776, what could they have said? Could they have assigned a single act done by the government of the United States which had in any way oppressed them, or a single instance in which that government had exercised powers that did not belong to it? I presume no one will now pretend that this could have been done. But then it was said, we, the people of South Carolina, believe, from many symptoms and signs, that the Federal Government will be hereafter perverted to our injury; that it will become the mere tool of Northern Abolitionists, and will attack our domestic institutions, putting our domestic peace and the safety of our homes in danger. Self-preservation is the first law of nature. Now, sir, perhaps you are aware that all my early years of manhood, so far as I ever took part in public affairs, were passed in contending against these same Northern Abolitionists. I thought their interference with your domestic institutions perfectly unjustifiable and most pernicious. For the sake of the Union, and because the Constitution had commanded it, I sacrificed and suffered a great deal personally, that a peculiar provision of the Constitution in your favor might be executed. This I did out of a feeling of loyalty to the government of my country, which had a right to require of me this obedience to its command, although I never was an admirer of your peculiar institution. But it was impossible for me to understand how the fear that the government of the United States might become hostile to the South could justify the South in leaving the Union.

I take it that all moralists and publicists will agree that the fear that a government will do something oppressive, or usurp powers that do not belong to it, can not justify a revolution; that a revolution can be justified only by some actual oppression, usurpation, or gross wrong actually suffered. So the right of revolution was regarded by the whole body of the English Whigs in 1688, and so our fathers regarded it in 1776. So the people of the Southern States seem to have regarded matters in 1860–1; for instead of resorting to the right of revolution, and proclaiming the wrongs which they had suffered from the Federal government, as your and our fathers in 1776 proclaimed the wrongs which they had suffered from the crown and Parliament of Great Britain, they contented themselves with asserting the supposed right of State secession from the Union, and justified their exercise of it by nothing but their fears. If they could have assigned any serious wrong that they had ever suffered at the hands of the Federal government, the Northern sympathizers with them would have been so numerous that the civil war would have been utterly impossible.

I remember that the late Mr. Horace Greeley, in the editorial columns of the New York *Tribune*, a very short time before your State adopted her secession ordinance, declared that "if the Declaration of Independence justified the secession from the British Empire of three millions of colonists in 1776, we can not see why it would not justify the secession of five millions of Southrons from the Federal Union in 1861." Mr. Greeley was not a sound reasoner upon such subjects, and he made a palpable mistake in likening secession from the American Union to the Revolution of 1776. He asserted an analogy or resemblance which did not exist; for the American Revolution was founded, not on apprehension of tyranny, but on actual tyranny; not in fear of future wrong and oppression, but on past misgovernment and violation of the fundamental rights of British subjects. On the other hand, the asserted right of State secession from the Union was bottomed on the apprehension that the Federal government might thereafter be made an engine to oppress and wrong the Southern people, and the exercise of the supposed right was justified by what was doing not by the Federal government, but by individuals and State Legislatures in the North.

We can all now look back calmly upon these events. It seems to me to have been a great error to assume that what was doing by individuals and State Legislatures in the North justified secession. The whole of it did not make a case within the principles of the Declaration of Independence, nor, to do the Southern people justice, did they in their public acts put the case upon those principles, however those principles and the right of secession may have been confounded in individual minds. But I do not think that any unconscientious action can be imputed to the people of the North. They did nothing inconsistent with the principles of the American Revolution when they opposed to the asserted right of State secession from the Union the right of the Federal Government to remove all obstruction to the execution of its laws throughout the whole territory embraced by the Constitution of the United States.

I do not say these things in any unkindness. Heaven knows that if I could do anything to heal the wounds that remain, I would not spare brain or pen. But when you put it to me in the fair spirit of one who seeks to know the truth as I view it, I could not avoid a plain statement of opinions that I have long held. Just as I am writing this letter, I have noticed an occurrence which took place in this city on the 22d inst., at the annual dinner of the New England Society, which I hope has attracted the attention of our Southern friends. I was not present, but I read in the report of this festivity that when one of the speakers, giving a toast to the Southern Generals who fought in the war, expressed a sentiment in honor of their conscientious convictions of the rightfulness of their cause, a slight dissent by one or two persons was drowned in the overwhelming applause that broke from the great body of the company.

I suppose that you and I are not the only seekers after what is true, and therefore I shall avail myself of your permission to publish this correspondence, assuring you how thankful I am that we can still call ourselves fellow-citizens of this great republic, and how cordially I subscribe myself, yours most respectfully,

GEORGE TICKNOR CURTIS.

DR. JOHN COTTON SMITH.

IN the death of the Rev. Dr. JOHN COTTON SMITH, the Episcopal Church in the diocese of New York, and indeed the Episcopal Church in the United States, has lost one of its foremost members. Since his entrance into the ministry he had filled two of its most important rectorships—Trinity Church, Boston, (of which the Rev. PHILLIPS BROOKS is now rector), for seven years, and for the last twenty-two years the rectorship of the Church of the Ascension, his two immediate predecessors, Bishop EASTBURN, of Massachusetts, and Bishop BEDELL, of Ohio, having been called from that church to the episcopate. Dr. SMITH, though a faithful parish priest, and assiduous in all the multifarious duties and details connected with a large and opulent congregation, was something more than a simple though able divine. He was a profound scholar, a man of large and varied culture, an incisive and forcible debater, of liberal and catholic views and tastes, and while a sturdy advocate of that branch of Churchmanship for which the rectors of the Church of the Ascension have been conspicuous, he was at the same time prompt to recognize the good which he, like Dean STANLEY and the late Dr. WASHBURN, found in other communions. He had in a marked degree the courage of his convictions, though in their expression he uniformly avoided the sensational, and was only heard at the right time and in the right place. He died January 9, at the age of 55.

RICHARD H. DANA.

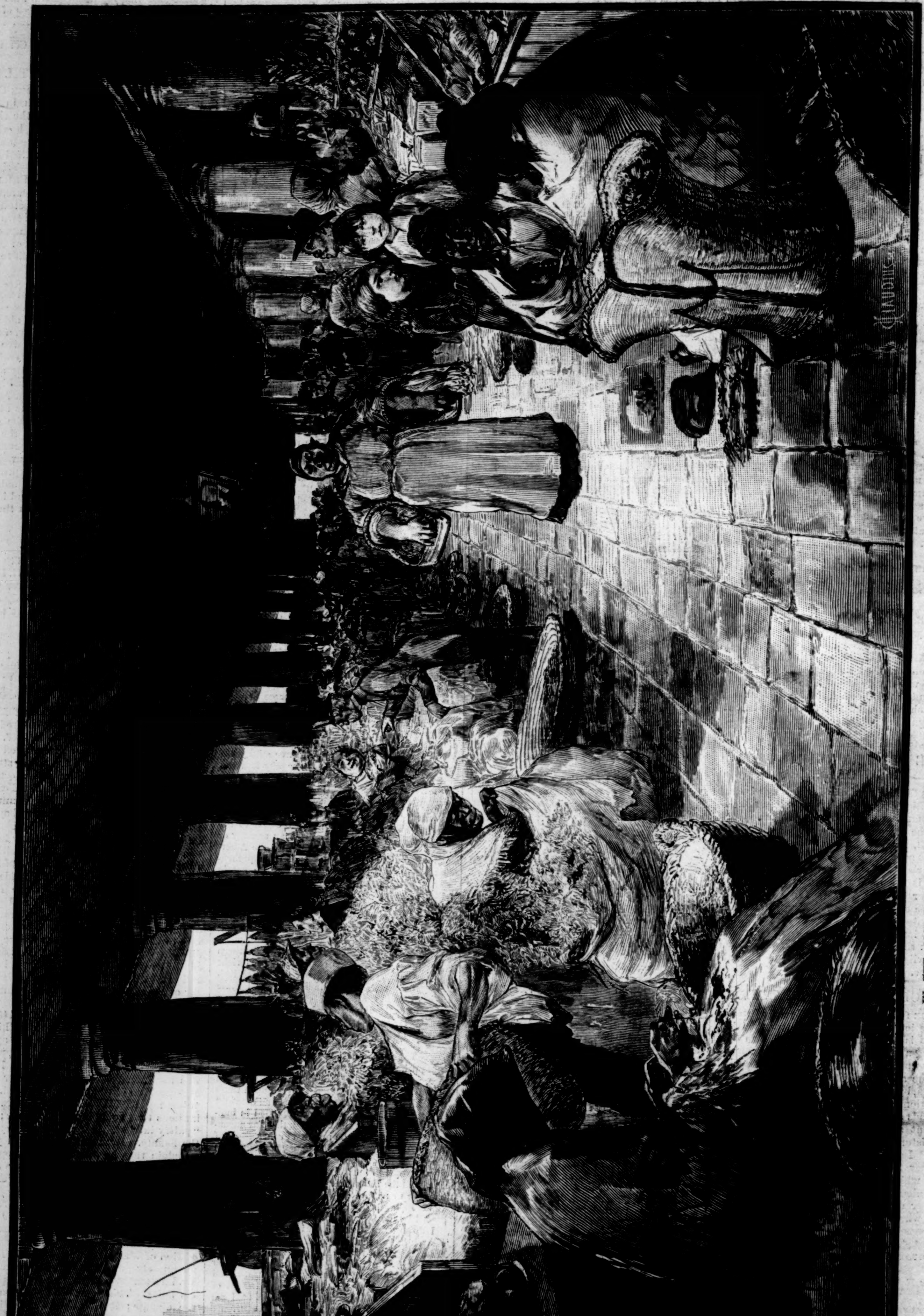
NEWS came to Boston on the 6th inst. announcing the death of RICHARD H. DANA. He had been living for the last three years in Europe, and was travelling in Italy when he died. He had paid a long visit to the basilica of St. Peter's, and the dampness and chilliness of the building caused a cold which ended in pneumonia.

RICHARD H. DANA was born in Cambridge, Massachusetts, August 1, 1815. He was the son of the eminent poet and essayist of the same name who died in 1879, and grandson of FRANCIS DANA, Chief Justice of Massachusetts from 1791 to 1806. He entered Harvard College, and graduated in 1837. His college career had been interrupted by a failure in his health, and the young student made a voyage to California as a common sailor. His well-known book *Two Years before the Mast* has passed through innumerable editions, and is dear to every boy who speaks the English language. In 1840, Mr. DANA began the practice of the law in Boston, and at once took a leading position in all admiralty cases. In 1841 he published a very valuable manual of maritime laws and customs, called *The Seaman's Friend*, which was republished in England as *The Seaman's Manual*. Mr. DANA's general practice also increased; yet he found time to devote to public interests. He was one of the founders of the Free-soil party, and defended the fugitive slaves SHADRACH in 1853 and BURNS in 1854. He was an early member of the Republican party, and remained active in it till 1872.

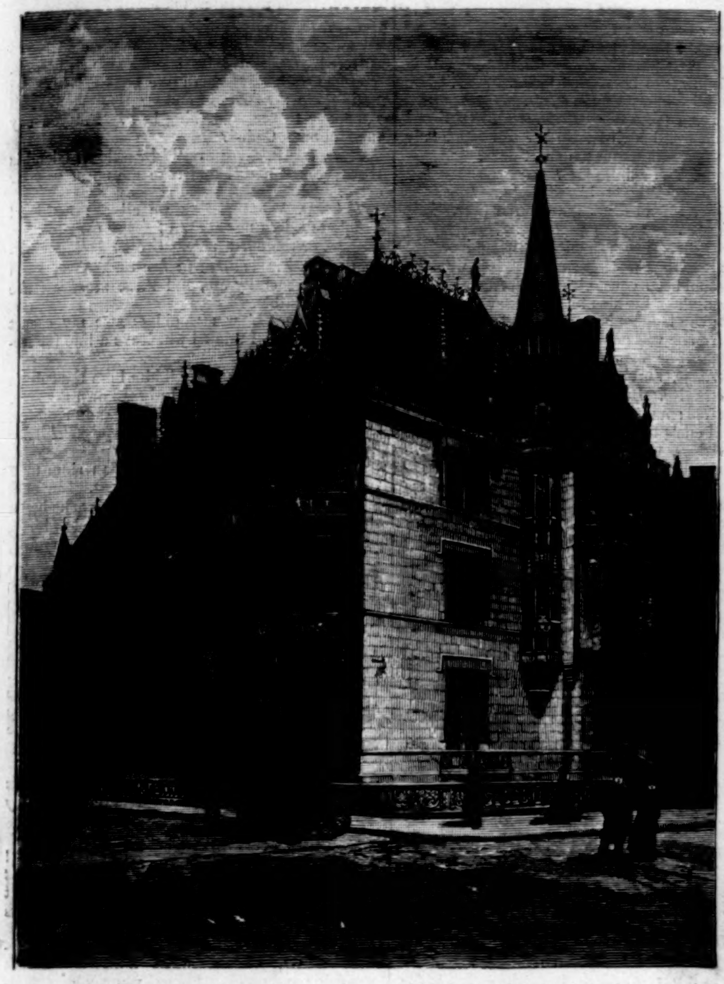
Appointed in 1861 United States Attorney for Massachusetts, he distinguished himself for his arguments in prize cases, and appeared for the government in the legal proceedings against JEFFERSON DAVIS. In 1876 he was nominated by President GRANT to the high position of Minister to England. The public regarded this as one of the best nominations that could have been made; but a "paltry intrigue" procured his rejection by the Senate. Mr. DANA could with justice complain that he was denied any opportunity of defense. The action of the Senate induced Mr. DANA to devote himself entirely to study and writing.

His best-known work is *Two Years before the Mast;* but he published in 1869 an account of a vacation trip, *To Cuba and Back.* His legal writings are of great value. His edition of WHEATON'S *International Law* unfortunately gave rise to great annoyance, Mr. LAWRENCE charging him with pirating his notes. This is not the place to revive the dispute; it may be confidently said, however, that whatever errors Mr. DANA committed were unintentional. In addition to numerous contributions to the legal and other periodicals, he published biographical sketches of EDWARD CHANNING and WASHINGTON ALLSTON.

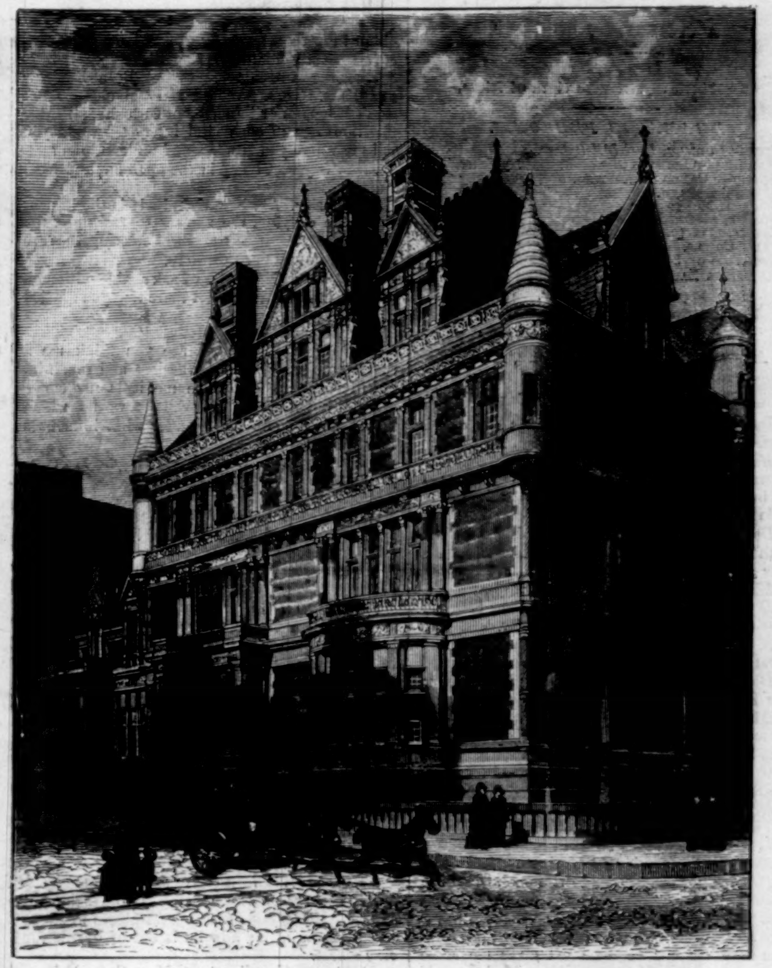
His visit to Europe during the last three years was for the purpose of continuing and perfecting his studies on International Law, on which he meditated to compose an exhaustive treatise.



IN THE OLD FRENCH MARKET, NEW ORLEANS.—Drawn by John W. Alexander.—[See Page 39.]



HOUSE OF WILLIAM K. VANDERBILT.—DESIGNED BY R. M. HUNT.



HOUSE OF CORNELIUS VANDERBILT.—DESIGNED BY GEORGE B. POST.

HOUSES OF WILLIAM H. VANDERBILT.—DESIGNED BY THE MESSRS. HERTER.

THE VANDERBILT HOUSES.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY PACH.—[SEE PAGE 43.]

[Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1307, Vol. XXVI.]

RESURGO.

A COMEDY BY "OUIDA."

Cloth of gold, do not despise
To match thyself with cloth of frieze.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Philip Dormer, *Earl L'Estrange.*
Marquis of Ipswich (*son of the Duke of Lowestoft*).
Principe Carlo Sanfriano.
Aldred Dorian.
Duca di Montelupo.
Claire, *Madame Glyon.*
Laura, *Principessa Sanfriano.*
Lady Cowes.
Countess of St. Asaph.
Marchesa Zanzini.
Other minor persons.

Scene III.

Studio of Aldred Dorian. Tapestried Walls, Marbles, Bronzes, Carved Chairs, Artistic Litter.

Present: Dorian *and* Mme. Glyon.

Dorian (*turning dissatisfied from one of his easels*). You are a greater artist than I.

Mme. Glyon. Oh, *pas de phrases!* You are a Titian, and paint physiognomy for posterity; I am but a poor limner of windmills, corn fields, and little brooks that wash the linen.

Dorian. You portray the face of Nature. It is the higher art. The sunset is nobler than a rosy cheek.

Mme. Glyon. I can only paint a rosy apple.

Dorian. Who would dare say that of you? You are as true, as grave, and as lofty as Millet.

Mme. Glyon (*smiling*). You must be a very great man to say that of a woman—if you mean it.

Dorian. I always mean whatever I say, and to you I could not use an empty flattery if my lips could frame one. (*He pauses, hesitating.*) Madame—Claire—you are greater in the art we love than I am, far greater, but I can own it with frankness and without jealousy, because—because—can not you divine why?

Mme. Glyon. Because you have a noble nature, and also too great a distrust of yourself.

Dorian. No. It is because I love you.

Mme. Glyon (*staring at him with wide-opened eyes*). Love me? *Me?* Are you mad, Dorian?

Dorian. Mad? No. If I be, it is a lunacy that many share. Have you never guessed, never seen? I should not dare to speak, only our common love for our common art gives me some courage. I am rich, for an artist; forgive me if I say so vulgar a thing, but I mean that I have the power to make your life a happy one, one of leisure to study, and aspire to the highest heights, which those who must needs work for bread can never do. I love you, I adore you—I adore you in the double form of woman and muse. If you would not scorn me—you have showed me some esteem, some friendship—if you would be my wife—

Mme. Glyon (*stupefied*). *Your* wife? Yours? You forget yourself strangely. Do not make me regret the confidence I have felt in a comrade, in a fellow-worker.

Dorian (*with some anger*). Madame, how do I forget myself in offering to you an honest name, an honorable love? I worship you, I believe in you, I kneel at your feet. What wrong is there? I do not seek to know your past; I do not, I will not, ask you of your marriage; the man is dead. I would forget he ever lived.

Mme. Glyon. Pray cease. I can not hear you. I shall never marry—again. I must ask your pardon for my hasty words. You do me much honor. I will endeavor to be grateful.

Dorian. I want no gratitude. I want your love, your beauty, your genius, your grand and tranquil nature; I want *you.*

Mme. Glyon. Mr. Dorian, you will compel me to leave your studio.

Dorian (*seizing her hands*). You will never listen! You will never cease to care for that dead man, who they all say was but a brute to you!

Mme. Glyon. I can but say what I have said. I shall never marry. I shall never love—again.

[Dorian *releases her hand, and without a word leaves his studio hurriedly by one door as there enter from another the* Princess Sanfriano, *the* Duca di Montelupo, *and* L'Estrange.

Princess. Have we kept you waiting too long, Claire? But I know that you and Dorian can always talk together twelve hours at a stretch. But, goodness! where is Dorian? You told him we were coming?

Mme. Glyon (*with a little embarrassment*). He went out a little while ago. No doubt he thought we were old friends enough to be content with his works without himself. You know they are the best part of every artist.

Princess (*looks at her quickly*). I shall wait till he comes back. I shall get his tea, and the dear little Persian cups, and the apostle-spoons, and the *niello* tray, and the Roman *maritozzi*, and his negro will bring us his *samovar* (*Rings; a black servant appears*). Bring the urn, Eblis; you see we are old friends; I know your name.

[*She busies herself getting the Persian cups off an old oaken "cabinet."* Montelupo *engrossed in helping her.*

L'Estrange (*to* Mme. Glyon). It is strange of Dorian. I saw him an hour ago, and told him we were to meet you here, and see his treasures. *Entre nous*, I think himself a much finer creation than his works. I care nothing for his pictures, but he is a rather noble fellow. You seem to know him well.

Mme. Glyon. I have seen him often in Paris. I think he is a great artist, but his manner perhaps is hard, and his color too thin to do his fine conceptions justice.

L'Estrange. He can not be named by you.

Mme. Glyon. Oh, why compare a pastoral and an epic?

L'Estrange. True! Besides, there is nothing except Turner's with which one could compare all that you give us.

Mme. Glyon. You can not be serious. You abhor modern art. Why except from your censure what a woman does?

L'Estrange. One must except Rosa Bonheur and Mme. Glyon. Would you tell me—do not think it barren or impertinent curiosity, all these questions are of such vital interest—would you tell me where you studied, and under whom?

Mme. Glyon. Chiefly in the open air, and from Nature.

L'Estrange. Ah, how right! It is the in-door work, the copying, the slavery to *technique*, the hot-stove atmosphere, the gas-lit coloring, that are the curses of modern painters.

L'Estrange. Then—may I ask again—although you live in Paris, it was not there that you studied chiefly?

Mme. Glyon. No.

L'Estrange. Madame, I see you think me a rude Englishman, full of graceless and rough inquisitiveness. But, believe me, it is my entire sympathy with your marvellous works which makes me long to learn under what influences they were inspired.

Mme. Glyon. That is only the language of compliment.

L'Estrange. On my honor, no!

Mme. Glyon. Lord L'Estrange, when a man speaks to a woman, his word of honor is a very elastic thing.

L'Estrange. I do not see why you should disbelieve me.

Mme. Glyon. Oh, perhaps you mean it now.

L'Estrange. Now? Why now? If I find an infinite charm of the finest feeling finely rendered in your works, my judgment is at least mature, and not likely to be capricious. Alas! I am young no longer.

Mme. Glyon. Caprice is not a thing especially of youth.

L'Estrange (*impatient*). On what grounds do you think me capricious?

Mme. Glyon. You have the reputation of it.

L'Estrange. I do not think reputation is just to me, then. My taste never varies. One must be faithful in art, or be indifferent to it.

Mme. Glyon. To art!

Princess (*bringing a cup of tea,* Montelupo *following with cakes*). Here, Claire. I always thought Dorian's studio one of the nicest places in Rome when he was in it; now he is out of it, it is the *very* nicest.

L'Estrange (*handing tea to* Mme. Glyon). Poor Dorian! And you are eating his excellent *maritozzi*, Princess, and have no more gratitude than that? (*He notices* Mme. Glyon's *left hand.*) She has no ring on: did Glyon never live except in fiction? (*aside*).

[*He seats himself again on low chair beside her.*

L'Estrange. Now that your charming friend is gone to flirt with Montelupo once again over the samovâr, let me implore you tell me something of yourself.

Mme. Glyon. Artists have no biographies, and their memoirs are written on their canvases.

L'Estrange. Nay, who has not made a pilgrimage to Urbino for Raffaele's sake? I would make a pilgrimage to *your* Urbino.

Mme. Glyon. What if it landed you in a cabin?

L'Estrange. Then the cabin would be as sacred as a temple.

Mme. Glyon. Lord L'Estrange, you are an admirable flatterer.

L'Estrange (*angrily*). I never flatter! Flattery is as vulgar as abuse. But I must not weary you for what you will not say.

Mme. Glyon (*impatiently*). There is nothing to say. I was a happy child. I was not a happy woman. Accident taught me to find solace and strength in art. There is the end.

L'Estrange (*smiling*). Your history must be far from its end. But what fate, what creature, could be vile enough and blind enough to cause you sorrow?

Mme. Glyon (*curtly*). My husband.

L'Estrange. He must have been a brute indeed, and a madman too.

Mme. Glyon. Neither. He was but an egotist, and changeable.

L'Estrange. Changeable! When *you* were given to him as his "fixed star"? Good heavens! That the baseness of a low-natured man should have the power to wound the great soul of such a woman as you are!

Mme. Glyon. His was not a low nature; nor was he base. I had the misfortune to be his wife—that was all! Come, we must look at Dorian's work for the Academy and the *Salon*, or we will not be able to excuse ourselves for stealing his tea and his *maritozzi.*

[*She rises, and turns one of the easels toward a better light.*

Princess (*aside to* Mme. Glyon). What was he saying to you?

Mme. Glyon. Pretty phrases—the small change of society. Go and talk to him. If you are so engrossed by the little Duke, the club will be told to-night of the good fortune of Azzelino Montelupo.

Princess (*pettishly*). It would serve Carlino right. But then, to be sure, Carlino would not care.

Mme. Glyon. I think he would care, and take his sabre out of its scabbard. Duca, I want to see some wondrous missals that no one is allowed to see at the Vatican. You have two uncles cardinals. Can you get me permission?

[*She keeps* Montelupo *with her, strolling from easel to easel.*

Princess (*to* L'Estrange). Do you care for Dorian's things?

L'Estrange. Dear Princess, why will you always call pictures "things"?

Princess. Because I am of the great uneducated. I don't care the least for any picture. I only like Claire's because they are Claire's.

L'Estrange. Affection *versus* comprehension. It is a very old question which is worth the more. I see you can be a good friend, Princess; that is even rarer than true appreciation of art.

Princess. I thought nobody in creation understood art except yourself and Mr. Ruskin. It is no merit in *me* to be a good friend to *her.* She is the noblest woman upon earth.

L'Estrange (*with unusual warmth*). Of that I am quite sure, though I have had the honor only to know Madame Glyon ten short days.

Princess. You admire her?

L'Estrange. Who could fail to do so?

Princess. I don't think that's an answer. It is an *équivoque.*

L'Estrange. Then let me say it unequivocally: she is altogether my ideal of a perfect woman; her personal beauty just gives the softening touch that strength and genius in her sex are too often without; she is quite honestly that, I think. But I perceive she will not let me say so.

Princess. She distrusts all praise.

L'Estrange. Surely she is no cynic?

Princess. No. But she was badly treated, wickedly treated; and you know, when one is so, it warps all one's belief in anything. I know that.

L'Estrange. Oh, Princess, you never can have known anything like neglect!

Princess (*sentimentally*). Ah, none can guess what a woman suffers in silence! You think because I chatter like a parrot—

L'Estrange (*irrelevantly*). Princess, you really believe that Madame Glyon has been imbittered by her marriage?

Princess. I never said she was *bitter.* She could not be. She has too sweet a temper. But you know—you know—he was such a wretch.

L'Estrange. Is it possible?—to such a woman? Who was he?—what was he?

Princess. Oh, he was—he was nothing at all. A gentleman, you know; but that don't make any difference. They are the worst, I think.

L'Estrange. How terribly you are *portée* against us! But do tell me more about him—what did he do?

Princess. I am afraid I can't talk about her if she don't talk about herself. She wouldn't like it; she would never forgive me. Claire is very sensitive.

L'Estrange. And Madame Sanfriano is very loyal. You are friends of long standing?

Princess. We were at the same school.

L'Estrange. And what was her maiden name?

Princess. I—I really forget. I always called her Claire. Why are you so interested in all this? Is it purely artistic, æsthetic—what is the word?

L'Estrange. It seems to me simply natural that, meeting so beautiful and famous a person, one should feel a desire to know all her history, all her influences—all, in a word, that has united to make her what she is.

Princess. Yes? Well, I don't think I should trouble about who she was. She is *herself*, the cleverest, the bravest, the best of living creatures. By-the-bye, do you know, I am quite certain that Dorian's disappearance *means* something. He has been in love with her for years, and I do believe that, just as we came in, he had told her so.

L'Estrange. Would she marry again?

Princess. She says no; but of course she would if she cared for anybody. She never does; that is the worst of it.

L'Estrange. She is wedded to her liberty and solitude? Dorian is a fine fellow, but very inferior to her. I should not think that she would stoop to him.

Princess. I suppose she didn't, as he disappeared; but I don't know about the inferiority. He is very eminent, and he is so good—so good!

L'Estrange. Princess! when ever were daughters of Eve won by goodness?

Princess. But she isn't a daughter of Eve at all. She is utterly above all *our* follies.

L'Estrange. And above ours too. Perhaps that was her fault in her husband's eyes. It would humiliate some men.

Princess. Would it you?

L'Estrange. Surely not. I think one should always feel before one's wife a certain reverence, a certain shame at one's own memories.

Princess. I will tell Carlino! It is very pretty and chivalrous sounding; but you know as well as I do, Lord L'Estrange, that nobody ever *does* feel that. Once married, you only see your wife's faults—her freckles, if she have any—her foibles, her follies; if her feet are large, it is of them you think; and if she have exquisite feet, but a large nose, then it is only the nose you see.

L'Estrange. Princess, that is not love.

Princess. It is as much love as there is. What is love? A dizziness, a syncope, a dash of cold water, an unpleasant awakening, and as we wake, we throw the cold water over everybody else.

L'Estrange. Who is cynical now?

Mme. Glyon. Laura, it is growing late; we shall have no time for the Pincio.

Princess. And you never will miss a sunset from the Hill. Now it never occurs to *me* to look at the sky. I think you artists get a great deal more enjoyment than we do, and you get it out of nothing.

L'Estrange (*softly, looking at* Mme. Glyon). The eyes that see!—yes, they are the most precious gift of Heaven.

Princess. Come, we will take you and Montelupo both up there; he and I will talk, and you and she shall look.

Mme. Glyon. Laura, I have forgotten that I promised to be with the Countess Dantzic at the Molinara by six o'clock; I must for once renounce the evening red and gold behind St. Peter's.

Princess (*aside to* Mme. Glyon). Oh dear, that is because I asked him to drive with us! How could I help it? I brought him.

Mme. Glyon (*in the same tone*). You could have helped bringing him.

L'Estrange (*coldly eying* Mme. Glyon). Dear Princess, you are always too kind, but I fear I must renounce the pleasure. I dine with a Prince of the Church to-night, who has the bad taste always to begin his admirable soups at sunset.

Princess. Well, I shall not take *you*, Azzelino, all alone behind my horses. You would be so flattered you would be insufferable till Lent. You can walk somewhere like Lord L'Estrange; I will go in my solitude and stare at the sky, till I manage to see something in it. Did you say the Molinara, Claire?

Mme. Glyon. Yes; my old Düsseldorf friend is there; you can call and take me up after your drive.

Princess. What a fuss we all are making! People talk less nowadays of going over to New Zealand or the north pole. Cross? (*to* Montelupo, *who had murmured in her ear*). Yes; I am cross. I generally am, and these *maritozzi* are very indigestible.

L'Estrange. If you would excuse my escort down the stairs, I think I will leave a line for Dorian.

Princess. Pray do, and tell him I am the culprit as regards the *maritozzi*—I always own my sins.

[*They leave the studio:* L'Estrange *remains. He throws himself into a large gilt leather chair and lights a cigar.*

L'Estrange. Why does that woman shun me? It is quite unmistakable that she does. Her eyes are frank and pure, yet one could swear she had a secret she was ashamed of; it might be low birth, but that is impossible. She has *race* in every line, in every movement. Something there must be, because even the little chattering fool of a Sanfriano keeps her own counsel. If ever I saw a noble woman, she is one; and yet—she wears no rings; she will not say who this dead man was, nor where they lived, nor where he died; perhaps she was deceived—perhaps Dorian would know. He has been a friend of hers in Paris, and there is a freemasonry between artists. I will write and ask him, and somebody must make excuse for this litter of tea-cups and apostle-spoons.

Enter Dorian; *he is pale and grave; he pushes back the tapestry from a secret door. Seeing* L'Estrange, *he pauses, disconcerted.*

Dorian. I thought you were all gone.

L'Estrange. Most hospitable of celebrities! You are too complimentary (*then he looks hard at* Dorian, *and ceases to smile*). Why, Dorian, what has happened? Have you been near us all this time?

Dorian. (*pointing to the door by which he entered*). Yes, I was at home. I heard a little that you said: not much. I heard you say how greatly I am inferior to her. You were right; I had said the same to her myself this afternoon.

L'Estrange. My dear Dorian—

Dorian. Do not deny it. I know a lie, even a kind one, chokes you as it chokes me. We Englishmen have not a flexible trachea for falsehood. It is often awkward for us.

L'Estrange. But what ails you? Why did you shut yourself away from us?

Dorian. Because the little parrot of a Princess said aright; the only woman I have ever wished to make my wife had, five minutes earlier, rejected me. You were quite correct in thinking that she would not stoop to me.

L'Estrange. Dorian, I spoke idly; I never meant—

Dorian. You spoke as you thought: why not? She is greater than I am. Love might bridge that, if it were there; but it is not—on her side.

L'Estrange. You must—pardon me the question—but you must know her history since you would give her your name?

Dorian. I have no idea of her history. I am confident it must be a blameless one, when I look at her.

L'Estrange. And you know nothing?

Dorian. Nothing. Her life in Paris is austere and untainted by a breath of calumny. That I do know. But beyond that, nothing. Do you think I would insult her with a doubt?

L'Estrange. But in your wife?

Dorian. She will no more be my wife than will the marble Ariadne of the Capitol. But I would make her my wife without a single question that would seem also a suspicion.

L'Estrange. That is very noble, but—

Dorian. You would say the same if you loved her.

L'Estrange. I think not. "The world is with me," and I share its judgments—if you will, its prejudices.

Dorian. Yes; once you committed for the world's sake the most selfish sin of your life.

L'Estrange. What?

Dorian. I mean the exile of that poor child you married.

L'Estrange (*annoyed and slightly embarrassed*). Why rake among the ashes of dead years? I acted naturally, I think; how could I tell she would so take it to heart—

Dorian. As to destroy herself. I suppose you could not. I never saw her; but between two people there is always one who sacrifices, one who is sacrificed.

L'Estrange. And you really, in all truth, know nothing of the past of this singular woman to whom you would trust your peace, your honor?

Dorian. Absolutely nothing.

L'Estrange. Not even who was Glyon?

Dorian. No.

L'Estrange. It is incomprehensible.

Dorian. When you married that hapless peasant child, did you hesitate because—

L'Estrange. That was utterly different. She *was* a child. I knew the absolute innocence and childishness of her life. No suspicion could rest on her.

Dorian (*going nearer to him*). And if you say that any suspicion lies on Claire Glyon, I will never admit you in these doors again.

L'Estrange (*touched*). My dear fellow, you are very generous; you are like a knight of old. I am ready to believe in her.

Dorian. Then why insult her in her absence?

L'Estrange. I never thought of insult. I was only desirous to know the key to her coldness, her apparent loneliness, her silence as to her past.

Dorian (*coldly*). I can not help to satisfy your curiosity.

L'Estrange. It is not curiosity alone. But if we argue in this manner we shall end in a quarrel, and that would be beneath both you and me. Besides, I am due at Cardinal Roxano's. Good-night, my friend; I will not wish you consoled, for consolation is only the harvest of feebleness, and you are strong.

[*Presses* DORIAN'S *hand, and leaves the studio.*

Dorian (*to himself*). Or the harvest of selfishness. He thinks of her already! To think of her is to love her.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE VANDERBILT HOUSES.

As an architectural work, the house of Mr. W. K. VANDERBILT is perhaps the most interesting of the four large and costly mansions illustrated on page 41. In this a design intrinsically interesting has been carried out with an amplitude of means of all kinds which yet nowhere degenerates into profusion or mere ostentation. The dimensions are generous for a town house, and they have been made the most of by a breadth of treatment and an emphasis of structure, in the walls at least, which enable the building to carry with grace a wealth of ornament under which many buildings of equal size would disappear. The material is a soft gray limestone, which leaves much to be desired in color, though in texture it is equally adapted to the simple and massive treatment of the walls and to the minute delicacy of the decoration, both architectural and sculptural. It is to the credit of the designer, Mr. R. M. HUNT, that in spite of a richness almost unexampled in our domestic architecture, except in the other dwellings of this same series, the first impression of his work, and the most abiding, is that of power and massiveness. This is secured mainly by the unbroken breadth of the flank of wall between the porch and the angle on the Fifth Avenue front of the building—unbroken except by the simple and square-headed openings with which it is pierced, and the crisp and emphatic though not excessive string courses which traverse it and mark the division of the stories. It is questionable whether this massiveness is not carried too far, but everybody will admit that an excessive weight of wall is a "good fault" in the street architecture of New York, and that of the two, a dwelling is more dignified which approaches the solidity proper to a prison than one that emulates the precarious lightness proper to a greenhouse. The depth of the porch and of the recessed balcony over it in the central division of the avenue front assists this expression of solidity, and helps the building to wear its burden of decoration "lightly, like a flower." The richness, as we have said, is almost unexampled in New York. Of strictly architectural decoration, that is, of members and details which are usually designed by the architect of a building, there is a copiousness which is only saved by the means just indicated from becoming an embarrassment of riches. All this work is exquisite in execution. In design it is generally interesting and scholarly, though there is common to all of it the defect of being too small to be thoroughly well seen and thoroughly effective. The uniformity of this defect of scale seems to prove that the architect erred in estimating the effect of his design in the colorless material employed. The decoration of the recess of the balcony, too, loses effect by being entirely unrelated to the construction, and the stone trellis with which the turret at the angle is overlaid is equally irrelevant to the object to which it is applied. Architectural decoration ceases to be such when it ceases to be a development of the structure, and these exceptions, by their comparative ineffectiveness, confirm the wisdom of the rule by which elsewhere throughout the building the ornament is used to emphasize the structure, and thereby gains greatly in impressiveness and in charm.

The sculptural decoration, in contradistinction to that strictly architectural, equally abounds. By sculptural decoration is meant that designed as well as executed by the sculptor, and in regard to which the only care of the architect is to provide places for it, and so to frame it that, if it does not help, it may not injure, the architecture to which it is attached. It is not too much to say of this that it is much the most important and interesting work in decorative sculpture which is to be seen out-of-doors in New York. The most noteworthy piece of it, perhaps, is the procession of cherubic musicians girdling the frieze-like band of the corbel which carries the oriel of the southern front. The execution elsewhere, in the panels under and between the windows, and in the pilasters of the bay, is equally good, but the design is nowhere else so effective. One need not be a purist, indeed, to find fault with the introduction of these pilasters at the angles of the bay and on the curve of the oriel, which are so clearly not structural members, actual or symbolic, and which are so clearly introduced for the sake of the ornament they bear, although he may condone the fault for the prettiness of the ornament generally in design, and its unfailing care and delicacy of execution. The only criticism possible, indeed, upon the execution of this work is that it is too exquisite, and reduces the texture of carved stone too nearly to the more facile surface of moulded clay.

One's admiration of Mr. HUNT'S spirited and scholarly design does not indeed cease with the walls of the house; but it must be owned that it undergoes some modification above the cornice. It can not be said that the sky-line is so effective as might have been expected from what is beneath it. There is an undeniable piquancy about the statued gable which terminates the roof of the principal mass, and the relation between this roof and the steep hood of the turret is picturesque, taken alone. Unfortunately it can not be taken alone, and the effect of the whole series of roofs is not a harmonious grouping, but—there is no other word for it—a "huddle." It is in the roof, too, that the short-comings of the architect in the solution of what may be called his academic problem are most apparent. The style of his work is the transitional style of France, the modification of mediæval architecture under the influence of the Italian Renaissance, until what was all Gothic at the beginning of the transition had become all classic at its close. This is, in fact, an attempt to summarize in one building the history of a most active and fruitful century in the history of architecture, which included the late Gothic of the fifteenth century and the early Renaissance of the sixteenth, and spanned the distance from the minute and complicated modelling of the Palais de Justice at Rouen and the Hôtel Cluny at Paris, to the romantic classicism of the great châteaux of the Loire. Certainly the attempt does not lack boldness. Here we have in one building the superimposed bases and interpenetrating mouldings of the latest French Gothic and the fish-bladder tracery of the Renaissance, and in the dormers the stride from the ogee canopies of Rouen to the prim pilasters and pediment of Orleans. Mr. HUNT'S skill has not sufficed to introduce together these features, the outcomes of different modes of thought as well as of different systems of construction, without a visible incongruity; nor are they in all cases successful, taken singly. The large and elaborate dormer over the entrance, especially, instead of being a visible reconciliation of the two styles, is a visible demonstration that they can not be reconciled. A complete construction of post and lintel, of pilaster and entablature, is supplemented by another construction of flying buttresses which are clearly superfluous and irrelevant, and which, instead of resisting the thrust of an arch, have the appearance of ineffectually "shoring up" a structure which, though complete, is unstable.

One is inclined to ascribe the lack of unity and repose which the disturbed sky-line of the building entails upon it, and which somewhat impairs the dignity of an otherwise dignified and always animated design, to the angle turret of which the architect is evidently enamored. We may share his liking for it, and admit it to be an extremely pretty thing, without admitting that it belongs in this building. The leading motive of the composition is evidently the "pyramidization," to borrow Mr. THOMAS HOPE'S uncouth word, of the whole building toward the apex of the main mass at the angle, from the point of view from which the illustration is taken. It is clearly to assist and emphasize the ascent and convergence of all the lines of the building to this apex, and to enhance the apparent dimensions, that this mass is raised a story, and the extremities of the building allowed to fall away, and it is in order to account for the emphasizing of this mass by a separate roof that the somewhat awkward expedient has been adopted of dropping the cornice on the street side below the eaves. New York readers who are familiar with the aspect of the Dry Dock Savings-Bank in the Bowery will know what is meant by this "pyramidization," and will remember how it is there attained. Now it happens that it is precisely this intention which in the present instance is obscured and partly defeated by the tormenting of the sky-line, which in turn may be traced to the insistence of the architect upon his extremely pretty but irrelevant turret. It is a good lesson in architecture to find that the effect of a whole may be so much impaired by one of the most successful of the parts, and that even when "the thing" is really rich and rare, we may still be unsatisfied how it "got there." Happily neither this shortcoming, nor short-comings much graver, could prevent such a work as this from being an ornament to the city, and an honorable monument to its architect.

Perhaps it is because Mr. POST, the architect of the house of Mr. CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, has not attempted so much as Mr. HUNT that his work may be called at once more successful and less interesting. In color it has more and in design less of variety. For the monotony of gray wall and black roof it substitutes red brick, with wrought work of the same gray limestone employed in the house we have been talking of, and with a red-slated roof broken by great stone dormers. It is much more simple and compact in composition than the other, for the main house is a parallelogram brought together under one great four-hipped roof, and the wing is here a very subordinate appendage. It is thus much simpler, much more within the conventional decorum of a town mansion in its scheme, while it is equally far from having the appearance of having been designed by contract, and is studied with equal thoroughness, although with a very different motive. In the matter of color, it is undeniable that the brick-work has in places a patchy look by reason of the comparatively small quantities in which it is used, the whole front on the avenue being virtually of highly wrought stone, and it seems clear that the building would have gained if the brick had been omitted altogether from this front. On the street front the mode of treatment adopted might very possibly have made the building dull and monotonous if it had been built in monochrome, as assuredly the addition of a strong contrast of color would have made the more varied design of the other painfully restless. In style the two buildings offer a curious resemblance and a curious contrast. This also is a French château, but a French château of the period after the transition, when all detail had been thoroughly classicized, and only a romantic willfulness and freedom of composition recalled the architecture of the Middle Ages. Here are the shell frieze of Blois and the fish-bladder tracery of Orleans, without the Gothic detail which in the French Renaissance is so often found side by side with them. The carving here, equally well executed for its purpose, does not appeal so much to admiration for its execution, for the reason that it is all strictly architectural, and not directly imitative. In design it is for its purpose equally well studied; in scale, indeed, is much better studied, so that the detail, which is often lost in the ineffectual minuteness of the carving in the former case, here takes its place with emphasis. Perhaps in some instances it takes its place with too much emphasis, as in the modelling of the arches of the first floor; while, on the other hand, there is a clear lack of vigor in the brackets which carry the balcony of the third story, and in the treatment of the spiral shaft upon which rests the corbelled turret at the outer angle. But these defects of design seem to be quite deliberate, and it seems, upon the whole, that the building looks as the architect intended it to look, in a more accurate sense than can be said of its competitor. The leading motive of composition in that was the "pyramidization" at the angle. The leading motive of this may be assigned to the development of the floor lines. The perpendicular lines are entirely subordinated to these—so far subordinated, indeed, that the axial lines of the openings in the lower stories are disregarded in the upper—and the horizontal lines are wrought by modelling and decoration into emphatic belts, graduated in richness from the simple basement course to the very rich and elaborate cornice. We may say here, too, that our admiration grows fainter above this line; for the exaggerated dormers, excessive as dormers and inadequate as gables, are the least successful features of the building, while in their decoration, alone in the building, constructive propriety is abandoned. But the great and simple roof certainly prevents the building from straggling, as its neighbor tends to do, while the angle turrets at its base not only relieve its outline of monotonous heaviness, but are clever expedients for stopping the lines of its angles. Upon the whole, one may say of Mr. POST'S design that it is a thoroughly workman-like piece of work, and may even find less fault with it than with the more ambitious work of Mr. HUNT; though, indeed, he may ascribe this to his belief that there is less in it to talk about or to think about.

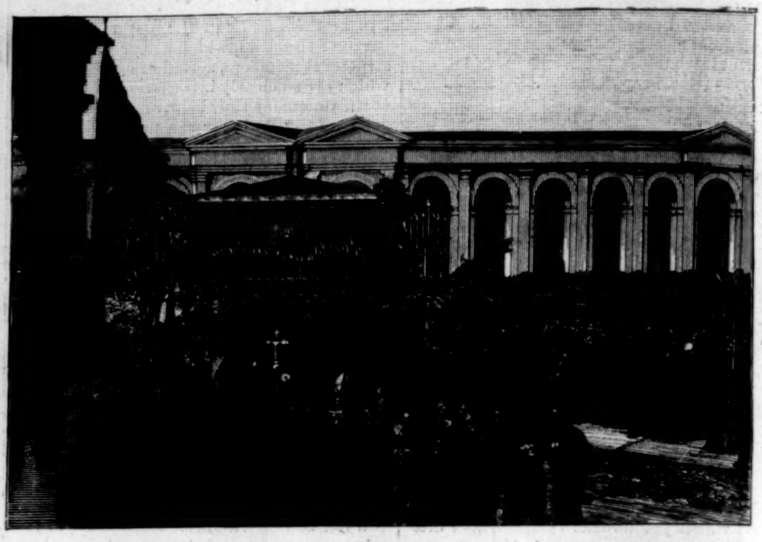
Between either of these and the brown-stone houses which have been built for Mr. WILLIAM H. VANDERBILT, after the designs of Messrs. HERTER, the decorators, a wide architectural gulf is fixed. We found a leading motive in each of the others; but what leading motive, or indeed what subordinate motive, of an architectural kind, can be found here? There is indeed no development of lines or of masses, and no organized relation of parts is aimed at. The openings are not grouped or spaced so as to tell the story of the interior, or so as to bear any reference to each other, nor are the structural features which every building must possess brought out by modelling; nor is the ornament applied to accentuate the constructive features, nor is it designed with reference either to its place or to its function as ornament. The fluted pilasters of the second story seem to be meant, indeed, to re-enforce the angles of the projecting portions of the wall. But this intention is abandoned in the first and in the third stories, in which a belt of carved foliage is run to the angles of the wall, without reference to the lines of the pilasters. This foliage is in workmanship as careful as possible—as careful, indeed, as the carving in either of the architectural works which we have been discussing. Yet its perfection gives no pleasure to the spectator, for the simple reason that it has nothing to do with the building in the walls of which it is cut. Much of the detail is carefully designed, but the absence of a general design makes it ineffective. Except for the refinement of some of this detail, the building would be as vacant of architectural interest as any work of our architectural period of darkness. The STEWART mansion does not interest students of architecture; but the STEWART mansion itself exhibits a nearer approach than these houses to an architectural design, and certainly a coherent design with coarse detail is less depressing, even if it be more irritating, than an entire absence of architectural meaning, with here and there a pretty architectural phrase which in some other context may have meant something. These houses have another misfortune in their very lugubrious color. A vivid piece of painted decoration in the recessed balcony of the nearer is a grateful oasis in the gloomy waste of rubbed sandstone, and some relief to its monotony is also afforded by the gilded railings of the windows at each side of this balcony. But it is to be hoped that courage may be found to let loose a discreet decorator with unlimited gold-leaf upon the whole sad fronts. A mode of decoration which has been found so effective in the fogs of London might profitably be employed to animate façades which are in no danger of becoming too joyous. It would not be fair to leave these architectural failures, which are in so unpleasant contrast to the encouraging architectural success achieved in the other VANDERBILT houses, without noting one excellent piece of design in the railings which surround them, in which a very original, characteristic, and successful treatment of metal has been attained, and which, as works of art, are really of more value than the houses they protect.

EDWIN W. STOUGHTON.

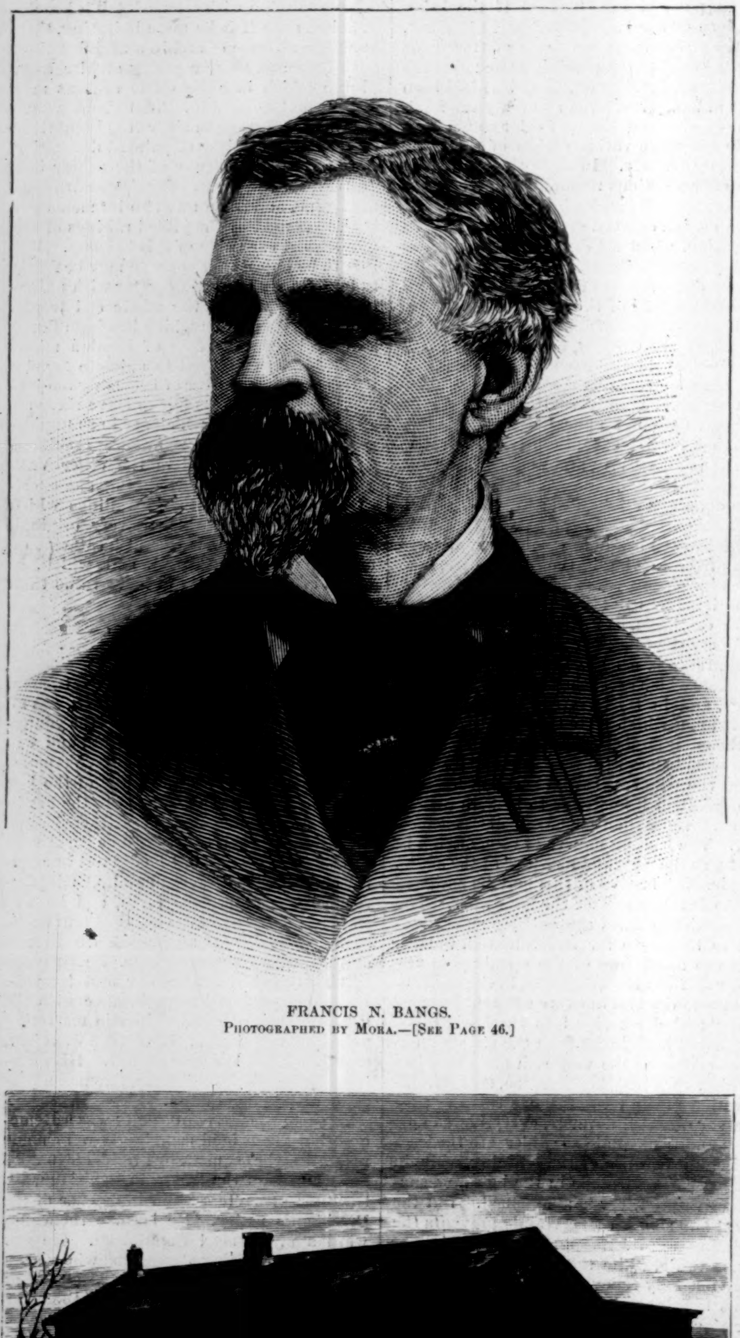
THIS well-known jurist and statesman, who died in this city on the 7th inst., was of old New-England stock. He was the youngest son of THOMAS P. STOUGHTON, and was born in 1818, in Windsor County, Vermont. In 1837 he commenced the study of the law in this city, and was admitted to the bar in 1840. As a young man he attracted some attention by his contributions to *Hunt's Merchants' Magazine*, but he did not in after-life continue his literary pursuits. His practice very soon became large, and he was employed in many of the heavy patent cases, such as the WOODWORTH, the GOODYEAR, and the ROSS WINANS patents. Mr. STOUGHTON was ranked among our first lawyers. He had a profound acquaintance with the law, and showed equal ability in mastering principles and details. His speech was clear, strong, and always to the point. His memory was almost infallible, and he had a pre-eminently judicial mind.

In early life Mr. STOUGHTON was a Democrat, but when loud complaints were made respecting the use made by President GRANT'S government of the troops in Louisiana, Mr. STOUGHTON wrote a letter in defense of the President's policy. He became thenceforward a pronounced Republican. He was one of the "visiting statesmen" who visited the South in 1876 to witness the action of the Returning Boards, and one of the counsel who argued in behalf of HAYES'S election before the Electoral Commission of 1877. In the October of that year President HAYES appointed him Minister to the court of St. Petersburg, where he discharged the duties of his high position with ability and dignity. He returned to America in 1879 in enfeebled health. The climate of St. Petersburg did not agree with him, and by the advice of the physicians of the Russian court, he had sought to recover strength by travels in the southern provinces of that empire. But he came back with the seeds of disease implanted in him, although previous to his return he had never had a sick day in his life. Mr. STOUGHTON was a man of remarkable personal appearance. Rather tall, with clear-cut, close-shaven face, his looks and gestures all betokened great firmness and energy, while the bushy crop of snow-white hair lent picturesqueness to his figure.

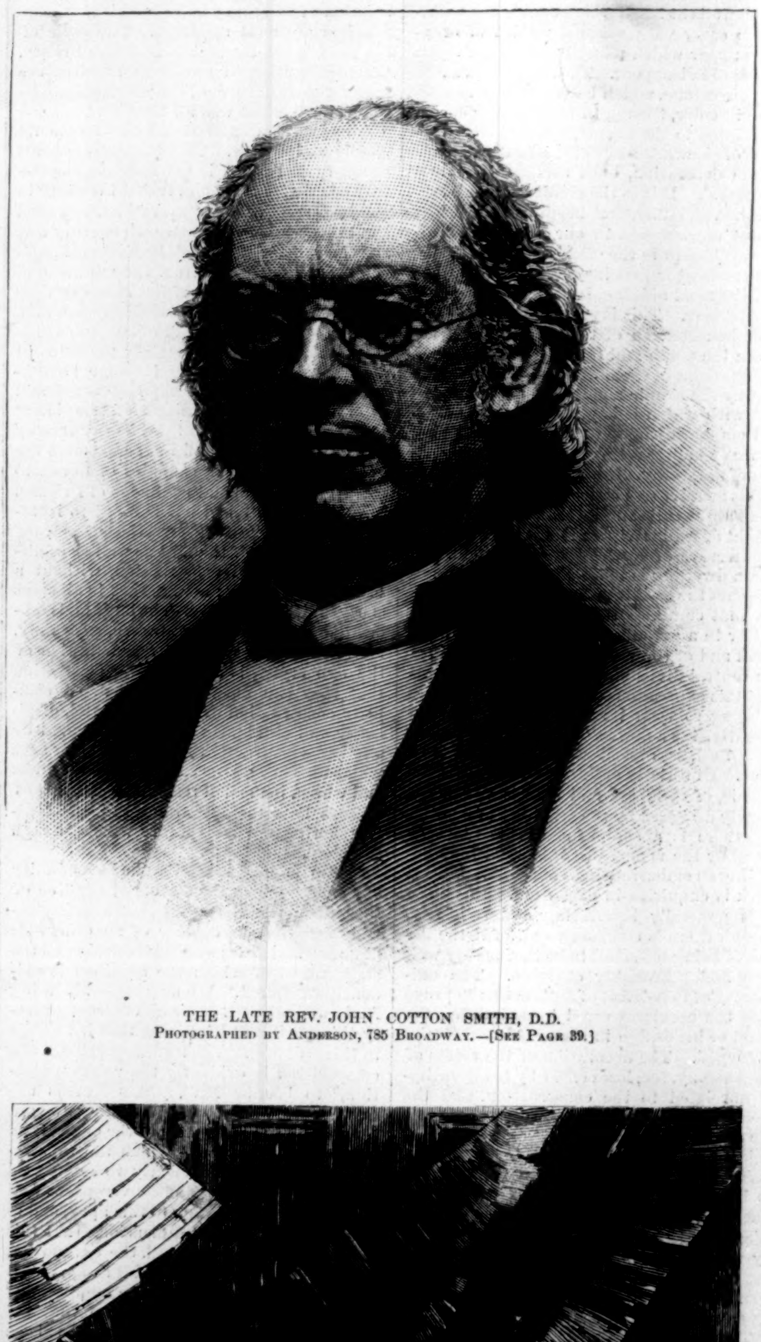
THE VIENNA CALAMITY—CARRYING AWAY THE BODIES.—[See Page 46.]



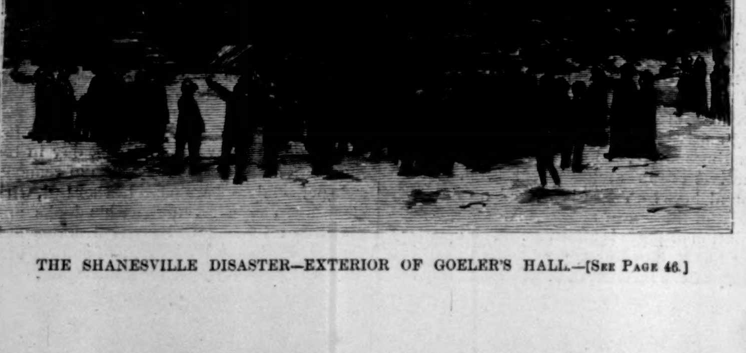
THE VIENNA CALAMITY—FUNERAL SERVICES.—[See Page 46.]



FRANCIS N. BANGS.
Photographed by Mora.—[See Page 46.]



THE LATE REV. JOHN COTTON SMITH, D.D.
Photographed by Anderson, 785 Broadway.—[See Page 39.]



THE SHANESVILLE DISASTER—EXTERIOR OF GOELER'S HALL.—[See Page 46.]

INTERIOR OF GOELER'S HALL AFTER THE DISASTER.—[See Page 46.]

THE CATASTROPHE ON THE HUDSON RIVER RAILROAD.—Drawn by Charles Graham.—[See Page 46.]

THE HON. WEBSTER WAGNER.—Photographed by Notman.

MR. FRANCIS N. BANGS.

MR. BANGS, who has just been elected President of the Bar Association of this city, is a native New-Yorker, having been born in Rivington Street, a quarter of a mile east of the "One-mile Stone," which still stands on the west side of the Bowery, opposite Rivington Street. He was the eleventh of the children of the late Rev. Dr. NATHAN BANGS, who, during most of his life, was the leader in Methodist enterprise and policy, the acknowledged champion of Methodist doctrines, and a brilliant specimen of Methodist eloquence. The son has the characteristics of a New York parentage and breeding—nerve, tact, courage, and fidelity, with clearness of conception and terse facility of speech; and these qualities, supplemented by tireless devotion to his profession, have given him his conceded standing at the ablest bar in America. Mr. BANGS has been connected with many of the conspicuous litigations of the past fifteen or twenty years, notably the KETCHUM forgeries of 1865; the Mobile and Ohio Railway litigation; the Milwaukee and St. Paul, the New York and Oswego Midland, and the Elevated Railway controversies; the Ocean Bank robbery suits; the DUNCAN, SHERMAN & Co. settlements; the fierce disputes over the removal of the Police Commissioners and the appointment of Inspectors of Election; and the trial of Senator SESSIONS for bribery, besides many more of memorable and equally responsible employments.

THE VIENNA CALAMITY.

ON page 45 we give two illustrations relating to the burning of the "Ring Theatre" in Vienna, full particulars of which have already appeared in our columns. In one of these pictures we see how inadequate were the means employed to quell the flames. Our hand-engines and water buckets of thirty years ago would have been more effective. Water was brought to the scene in casks, and spirted in puny streams over the storm of fire. The second picture shows the solemn ceremonies with which the dead, great numbers of them unrecognized, were buried.

THE SHANESVILLE DISASTER.

A FRIGHTFUL disaster occurred at Shanesville, Ohio, on New-Year's Eve. The Knights of Pythias were holding a festival in the lodge-room in the second story of the building known as Goeler's Hall, when suddenly the floor gave way, precipitating the company, numbering two hundred or more, to the floor below. A large stove was upset in the midst of the struggling crowd, and the burning coals were scattered among the broken timbers. A chandelier on the first floor was thrown down, the lamps were broken, and the blazing oil thrown in all directions. Instantly the flames leaped to the height of ten feet, and but for the presence of mind of some of the men, who quenched the fire, almost all in the building would have been roasted to death.

THE LATEST RAILROAD DISASTER.

ON the preceding page will be found an illustration of the terrible railroad disaster which occurred on the evening of the 13th inst. in the deep cutting at Spuyten Duyvil, where the tracks of the Hudson River road curve to the eastward. The disaster appears to have been the result of inadequate precaution or of criminal carelessness. From the detailed accounts of this deplorable affair it is evident that either the flagman sent back to warn the train approaching from Tarrytown failed to perform his duty, or that the engineer of that train was not on the look-out while rushing at a high rate of speed through a winding cut, where in some places it is impossible to see more than a hundred feet ahead. A proper system of signaling in that dangerous locality would have prevented this calamity, and saved the lives which have been sacrificed to the parsimony of a great and wealthy corporation.

No one can read unmoved the narratives of those who survived, and who were the helpless spectators of the awful suffering endured by those who were unable to escape from the burning cars. Within a few feet of water, there were no buckets on the train, and it was pitiful to see handfuls of damp snow flung on the flames in sheer desperation. There were no axes at hand to cut open the burning cars. It seems probable that nothing could have saved the life of Senator WAGNER; but the newly married couple who perished side by side, and others who vainly struggled to escape, might have been rescued had the means been at hand. And but for the wretched and criminal parsimony of the company in heating the cars with stoves, the train would not have taken fire.

By the death of Senator WAGNER the community loses an excellent man, an energetic and useful legislator, who had worked himself up from comparative poverty to a position of great wealth. To him we owe the system of sleeping and palace cars which is one of the distinguishing features of American railroads. The first sleeping-car designed by him was put on the Utica and Schenectady road in the fall of 1858. It cost only $3000, but was then considered a wonder of comfort and elegance. Compared with those now in use, it would look singularly bare and unsubstantial.

Senator WAGNER'S Legislative career began in 1871, when he was elected to the Assembly. He afterward served several terms in the State Senate, of which he was a member at the time of his death. His residence was at Palatine Bridge, the town where he was born in 1817, and where he had passed his life.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

THE railroad running up Mount Vesuvius was built at an expense of $360,000, and it costs $20,000 a year to keep it in order. The Frenchmen who built it believe that it will return them a large profit; and if it is true, as stated, that there is a good restaurant at the upper terminus, they are not likely to be disappointed, unless good restaurants are nearer together in Naples than they are in New York.

Christmas was merrily celebrated in an Iowa town. A number of business men started out to call on their friends, and at each stopping-place they added to their company those whom they there visited. By noon the squad had become a small army. The march was continued till nightfall, when nearly all the male residents of the town were in the line.

Another country postmaster has been in a quandary as to his duty. He wrote to the Department in Washington to learn whether he could prevent a doctor from calling daily for his mail after visiting several small-pox patients. Many residents of the town, he wrote, had informed him that they would refuse to receive their mails unless the doctor's daily calls were discontinued. He was instructed that the physician could not be prevented from going to the post-office.

A former city official in St. John, New Brunswick, occasioned considerable excitement by absconding and leaving a deficit of thirty thousand dollars; but that was nothing to the astonishment created by his successor, who ran away and left his accounts entirely straight.

An enterprising Italian proposes to bore into the base of Vesuvius for petroleum. He had better take warning from the kitchen tragedies that have taken place in America, and wait till he is sure the fire has gone out.

In the twentieth and last volume of the *History of the Franco-German War of* 1870–1, prepared by the German Staff under the superintendence of Marshal von Moltke and just issued, some interesting figures are given. It appears that from first to last the Germans had no less than 123,453 men and 6247 officers placed *hors de combat*, of which numbers 40,081 were killed or died. No sufficient data exists for correctly calculating the French losses. The number of French prisoners made is given at 702,094 men and 21,508 officers. The German force engaged during the whole period of the war numbered 1,451,944 men, including 33,101 officers.

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Ovid, N. Y., Nov. 7, 1881.

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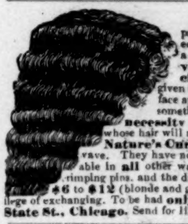

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FOR FEBRUARY

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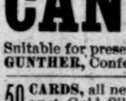

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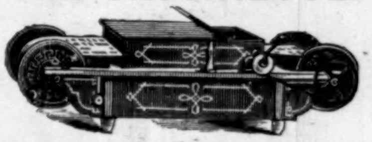

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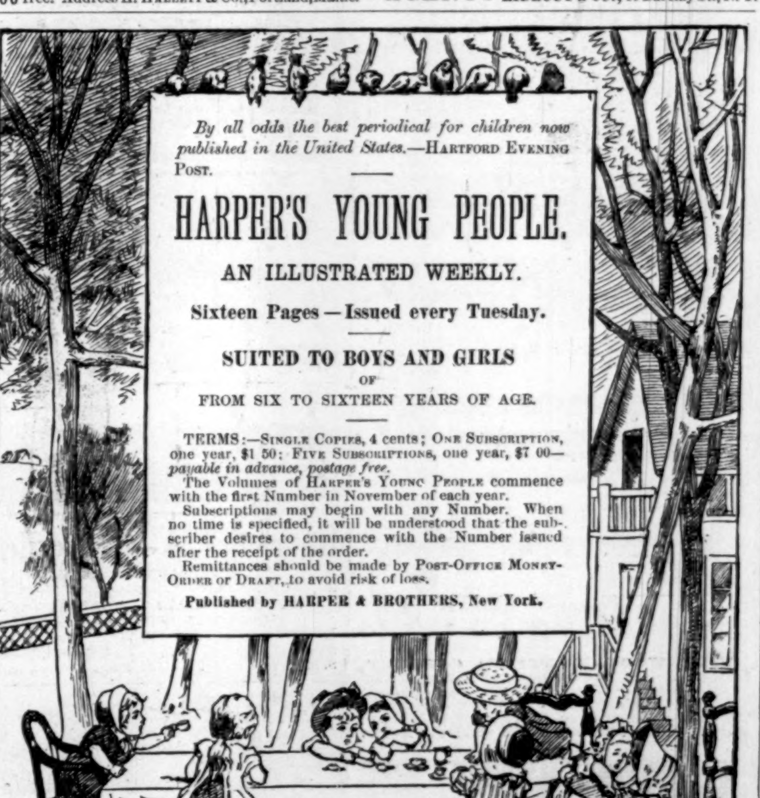

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